Reader's Digest

ARTICLES OF LASTING INTEREST

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The Quest for Life

Condensed from New York Herald Tribune Magazine (May 4, '30)

Robert Hichens

Author of "The God Within Him;" "After the Verdict;" "December Love;" etc.

HOW tumultuously busy is the mind of youth! Almost every face I glanced at suggested trains of thought to me, and the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts. These masses of strangers — they were Life. Those crowds near the Marble Arch listening to atheists denouncing religion, or to radicals denouncing conservatism, or to pacifists denouncing militarism — they were Life.

And it was Life, these silent rows of people in the pits of the theater which I frequented, and these congregations flowing out of the lighted churches on Sunday evenings and these lively mobs round the bands in Hyde Park in the late summer nights. Life in a great city. People in crowds doing things! People pressed together, taking their pleasures together, committing their sins in company, going on toward death.

For there is an excitement in great cities which is like no other excitement. I have felt it in Paris, in Rome, in New York, in Budapest, Naples, Cairo, in Constantinople. It stings and burns; it seems to quicken the senses, to set the brain at a gallop. But I have come to distrust it. Sometimes it reminds me of a fire in a straw rick. The blaze is great, but the light of it swiftly dies down into darkness.

One man's meat, being, as we know, another man's poison, it is foolish and presumptuous for a man to prescribe for other men, to tell other men what their way of life should be. For myself

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I can only say that I have been a much happier man since I gave up living in a great city, and I have not only been much happier, but also much more successful.

This may be, partly though not wholly, a question of health. Since I have given up the pavements and the chimney pots I have become a much healthier, much stronger man. Instead of the almost feverish, nervous vitality I used to be conscious of, I feel a more normal, more steady, calmer vitality. I may not go so quickly as I used to go, but I think that I can last much longer than formerly. Riding and games have come back into my life, and my wonder now is how I was ever able to exist without the solace and health golf and tennis bring to a man. And the large horizons — how much more inspiring they are than the view of the houses opposite!

Life! There was a time when I felt that it was concentrated in Kensington High Street. Long ago I have learned to find it everywhere, quite as wonderful in the country as it is in the town, quite as fascinating abroad as it is at home, quite as mysterious in simplicity as it is in complexity.

If I were asked indeed to say which are the more genuinely interesting, those who live habitually in great cities, or those who live remote from them, I think my vote would be given to the latter. There is, to me, one very tiresome trait in humanity — the monkey element, the apparently innate propensity toward imitation of others. Now, this propensity is fostered and encouraged in cities, where men and women live together in mobs. Imitation rages in towns like a pestilence. There are conventions of voice, of gait, of manner, carefully observed by swarms of men and women. Even tricks of phrase run like fire through the social circles in a town. Fashion in clothes brings enough, but fashion in speech, in voice, in walk, in bearing, in manner, in moral outlook — or immoral outlook — in expression of thought and even in thought itself — this is well-nigh intolerable, but one has to put up with it in great cities.

So it seems to me that I meet the face of happiness much oftener away from the chimney pots than among them. Although there is so much "pleasure" provided in cities for those who live in them habitually, I very much doubt whether Gargantuan meals of pleasure make for the happiness of those who sit at the feast.

Certainly a crowd can be jolly. The jollity of an English crowd gathered together to see a procession or a fight or a football match is proverbial and is often

exhilarating. But what a quantity of careworn and miserable faces one sees in any great city! The sight of happiness among the chimney pots and the pavements is surely the exception, not the rule.

Through all the years that I spent in London I was subject to fits of intense depression. But when I ceased from living in London and gave nature a chance to get hold of me — really hold of me — to my great joy I found that I was no longer subject to the black moods in which one can see no light, no gleam of hope anywhere.

When I think over my life and the many and various types of humanity I have encountered in many countries and in four continents I seem to realize that the happiest people are those who live in natural conditions, who have a hold on simplicity and who are not burdened with great possessions, and who by virtue of their situation have never been brought closely into contact with what I may call the dressed-up life.

If you want to see discontent go to Deauville in the height of the season, or to the gambling rooms of Monte Carlo, or, indeed to any favorite haunt of the *Monde où l'on s'amuse*. There discontent stares you in the face under the lamps, peers at you out of almost every limousine that passes by. But go among those who work — in my opinion no habitual idler is really happy — whose work does not almost totally separate them from nature, and who live in conditions as little artificial as possible, and you will often look into the bright eyes of unself-conscious and careless happiness.

The London sparrows may twitter merrily enough among the chimney pots, but for ecstasy one must go to the lark. Happiness lies rather in simplification than in complication. . . . That, at least, is one man's view.

In Defense of the Spendthrift

Condensed from The Outlook and Independent (April 16, '30)

Emily Newell Blair

For many years vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee

IN his autobiography Calvin Coolidge pays his respects to those who spend all they make. A friend of mine recently related to me an experience with his bankers which revealed the same attitude towards the spendthrift. He had gone to his bank for a small loan.

"What we can't understand," one of the bankers had said, "is what you do with all your money. You make lots of it. But you don't save it."

"But I don't want to save money," he had explained. "I have no use for money except to spend it. I have no desire to be rich. I would not own this bank if I could. I want to enjoy life, and I spend my money in ways that make me do it."

"Well, how do you spend it?" he was asked.

"Oh — my family lives well, very well. That costs money. We entertain. We travel. We subscribe to many things you would probably not think worth while. We give our children every opportunity, some of which might seem foolish to you, but we prefer giving them these opportunities to leaving them money." And then, lest they think him entirely shiftless, he added: "Of course we keep up a life insurance that can take care of our old age. We know we can cash in our house and furniture and objets d'art if necessary."

The bankers looked at the ceiling. At last one spoke: "Stocks and bonds are collateral. You could borrow money on them. You have no collateral."

"But why should I need collateral?" he asked. "I have a good and fairly assured income for many more years. I have insurance in case of sickness or death. And you know I pay my bills."

"Oh, your moral credit is unimpeachable. It is your financial credit that is shaky. You don't save."

For a moment, he told me, he saw himself the prodigal son. Then sanity returned. He said to himself: "Everything I buy is bought for a worthy purpose. I eat no more than is necessary. I work hard. I play less than most of my friends. I contribute to the public weal. I give to those who need it. No, I am not a prodigal. I will not say: 'Bankers, I have sinned against morality and against thee.'"

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What impressed my friend at this conference was the emphasis laid on his failure to save. "For one moment," he told me, "I was tempted to say, 'The reason I earn so much more than some of you is because I live as I do.'"

I knew that he was right. I had discovered this for myself. The ideal of the money-savers is that of safety, or of power. The ideal of safety is easily apprehended. Safety means assurance against poverty, emergency, worry. The ideal of power is equally comprehensible. Power insures one against slavery. It also expands the ego, and lifts one above the mob.

My friend's ideal of the good life may be called that of experience. And since he loves beauty, what he chooses above all else to experience are the sensations he enjoys in the presence of beauty. Beauty means to him a well-ordered, dignified manner of living, space to insure privacy. It called for satisfaction of his mental needs by means of books, companionship, travel, and by harmonious domestic and social relationships. And, more important than all to him, the gratification of his spiritual needs by the opportunity to practice generosity, kindness, courtesy, and by a refusal to accept the jungle methods of money-getting.

The fundamental difference between such an idea of the good life and that of the money-saver should be apparent. One lives in the present, the other in the future. One is devoted to composition, the other to self-protection. One develops caution, the other something of the gambling spirit.

Granted this ideal of experience, the philosophy of life naturally follows. Never to seek safety from saving, never to desire the power of wealth. But to get the fullest life possible out of what we have as we go along, to spend our earnings to gratify our tastes and enlarge that experience.

I cannot claim that the acceptance of it always makes for happiness. To live among people committed to a philosophy of wealth when you are planning a life without it is, to say the least, difficult. The bankers turned down my friend because he wasn't playing the game as they knew the rules.

And here, to absolve my friend, I would explain that he thought he was playing the game of banking. He went to the bank to purchase a loan as he would go into a store to buy a hat. He was willing to pay handsomely for it. And they knew that he would repay the principal. As he looks at it banks go into business to make money by lending. But my friend cannot see why the banker, simply because he can

lend money, is, therefore, any more virtuous than himself.

Yet it is logical that the two philosophies should produce different standards of value. I know a man who started out to make money and has made two million dollars. But in order to do so he has been so compelled to exalt the importance and care of money that now he cannot see other values. Try as he will to be generous, the idea of profit will intrude. Endeavor as he may to play, he feels a sense of guilt that time is being wasted. Seek as he does to enjoy the possession of things, their finer points are lost in their commercial value. The philosophy of saving has brought him to this.

What the philosophy of wealth getting offers faithful savers everyone knows. What the philosophy of the spender offers him is not, apparently, so well known. But he has his reward. And not alone in the pleasures he derives from a garden, furniture in a home, and books in a library. But in the thoughts, qualities, the emotions it allows him which the go-getter must of necessity stifle as well as in the experiences it permits. I can myself bear witness to that. Oh, the things I could not have done, the people I would never have known, the things I would not have enjoyed, the places I would never have been, offering ever wider and wider opportunities for things to do, people to know, places to go, thoughts to think, things to enjoy if I had not adopted my philosophy! These seem to me so much more valuable than collateral in a tin box.

Our philosophy, I acknowledge, has its bad points. I do not ignore them. If greed, avarice, meanness, stinginess, selfishness, and uncharitableness can develop out of the getting ahead philosophy, so can shiftlessness, lack of responsibility, self-indulgence and selfishness, extravagance and profligacy develop from the extreme of the experience philosophy. It is hard to tread the happy mean. I am well aware of the importance of the savers. They are the builders of our physical world. Their savings it is that develop industries, make commerce possible, finance inventions, endow hospitals and universities. Their estates in the hands of the right kind of descendants make possible a leisure that may be rich for the development of things of the mind and spirit.

To appreciate one is not to discredit the other. To each man his own place, his own method. The important thing would seem to be for each man to know his own method. To work by any other, in fact, is impossible.

An Age of Alarums

Condensed from The Century Quarterly (Spring, '30)

Henry Kittredge Norton

Author of "China and the Powers," "Back of War," etc.

WHEN our prophets of gloom sigh for the unstandardized days that are past, they are apt to make two mistakes. Either they take the best that each civilization produced during the centuries it flourished and conclude that the whole civilization was of similar stuff; or they forget that their "golden age" was aureate only for those on its topmost level.

If we desire a comparison between our times and the past, we can still contemplate a civilization whose similarity to that of Europe in feudal times has impressed itself upon every qualified observer. Except in the ports and great cities, the people of China are living in the Middle Ages. In their culture the "machine" is unknown. The commonplace everyday life of the Chinese affords an excellent example of the unstandardized existence to which our somber prophets would bid us return.

John Smith lives in New York. Ma Ling lives in Tengshan, far enough from Peking to be beyond its influence. Each is typical of the mass of his kind.

John awakes in the morning and contemplates sleepily the iron bars of his machine-made bedstead. Beneath him is a mattress, a factory product, compounded of various ingredients which seem to have found no more suitable use elsewhere. But it is substantial and contributes its quota of comfort. Sheets are in keeping, just plain standardized cotton sheets.

How different Ma Ling's awakening! His morning eyes are not offended by white painted iron bars. They fix their awakening gaze upon the angular back of his brother Ma Sing. When Ling rolls over it is on no standardized mattress. It is on the highly individual hand-made bricks of the family "kong." No sheets, cotton or otherwise, impede his movements. No, Ma Ling is entirely free of the menace of mass production. As for standardization, it must be admitted that not only the family of Ma Ling but millions more of his fellow-countrymen than the whole population of the United States sleep every night of their lives on such a "kong."

John Smith turns on the mechanically conducted water in a mass-production tub exactly like millions of others. After his bath

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he dons a dozen items of clothing, every single one of which has made its way through a long series of cutting and sewing machines.

Ma Ling, in arising, sits up and puts on his shoes. No machine-made product these but the fruit of the loving care of the village shoemaker. A little crude in their workmanship, and in places a little disproportionate to the needs of Ma Ling's feet. But no machine has ever touched them. Ma Ling escapes the demand of the bathtub because such water as is available is necessary for tea and cooking. His clothes he puts on and off according to the weather without regard to the passing of day or night. This has its inconveniences, but doubtless they would be offset in Ma Ling's mind by the comforting thought that they were all put together by the toil of human hands with no other mechanical aid than a needle and thread. There is one thing that might bother Ma Ling, however: his clothes and his shoes are the same as those of every member of his class from Canton to the Great Wall.

John Smith is a typical example of the man supposed to be menaced by the rising tide of standardization. In Ma Ling's country the degree of uniformity is quite as high.

There is, however, this difference between the two. Such uniformity as there is in the life of America is due to the fact that Americans *have* the same things. The uniformity in the life of China is due to the fact that the Chinese *lack* the same things.

But if our thought is standardized, that is the real ignominy! Here the professional lamenter is well stocked with ammunition. Newspaper syndication and radio broadcasting are his big bombs. For with these diabolical devices, he says, one group of men can ensconce themselves in the centers of dissemination and force their lazy platitudes upon millions and millions of readers and listeners.

But does all this broadcasting and syndicating mean standardization — a greater degree of uniformity than existed in previous ages or than exists in other climes? I venture to question it. One outstanding example, the Church, during the thousand years preceding the Reformation, compassed a much more effective regimentation of thought, not alone in the field of religion, but in philosophy, politics, economics, sociology and even in the fine arts, than any combination of broadcasting or syndicating can approach. Then and not now were thoughts the output of mass production. Identical to the last detail they were neatly wrapped and delivered — and *prescribed!* In a truer sense, thinking was almost

unknown except among those who had captured the centers of dissemination in the world as it was then organized.

Uniformity of thought is established not by the number of people who think in one way but by the total absence of competing ideas. Judged on this basis, the case for the standardization of thought in America breaks down completely. Never in the history of the world has there been such opportunity for the free expression of ideas, from the utterly insane to the incomprehensibly sane, as there is in this country today. Not only the opportunity, but the actuality. Any American who feels the impulse can speak, sing or write any idea that comes into his head regarding any subject under heaven.

This, like all generalizations, is not literally true. But where there are restrictions they are the work of local obscurantism in a last desperate effort to retain its hold upon American life. The great areas in which thought is substantially free are accepted as a matter of course. It is in these areas that a John Roach Straton and Bertrand Russell might carry on simultaneous campaigns, one expounding the essential goodness and the ultimate verity of church, marriage, home and family as conceived in his theology and the other boldly attacking and demonstrating the evil of each in turn. In any of the supposedly golden ages one or the other of these men would have been put out of the way. Only in present-day America, and in the few other countries which have shared with her the labor of establishing freedom, could these two, and hundreds of others of divergent convictions, find an audience and a welcome.

The standardization of American life is a myth. Born of the congenital desire for complaint, it is nourished on the fact that American industrialism has given the great mass of its people goods and services in a measure heretofore unknown. That there should be a certain amount of uniformity in this is inevitable. Human needs and wants are strikingly similar.

But the uniformity inherent in the lack of any such products is vastly greater. For all his escape from the industrial mechanism, the possessions and habits and thoughts of the denizen of a handicraft culture, however "golden" the age, are by the very poverty of his economy more nearly uniform — more standardized — than our own.

Awkward Imperialists

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly (May, '30)

Reinhold Niebuhr
Professor in Union Theological Seminary

EMPIRES of the past were established and consolidated by military power. We live now in an economic age, and the significant power is economic rather than military. The United States is the first empire of the world to establish its sway without legions. Our legions are dollars.

Our empire was developed almost overnight. At the beginning of the World War we were still in debt to the world. We wiped out our debt and put the world in our debt by well-nigh thirty billion dollars in little more than a decade, and we have increased our holdings in the outside world by one to two billion dollars per year.

Some foreign critics suggest that our prosperity rests upon the tribute which we press out of our foreign dependencies. That is hardly accurate, for we have been reinvesting our income from abroad every year. We are not prosperous because we are imperialists; we are imperialists because we are prosperous. We sell more than we buy and take notes on the world for the difference.

Our economic overlordship is aggravated by the political debts which Europe owes us as a legacy of the war. Europe knows that the bulk of the reparation payments which are pressed out of Germany will find its way into American coffers, only to be reinvested in Europe, particularly in Germany, and increase American power. In the first five years of the working of the Dawes Plan Germany paid $1,990,000,000 in reparations and in the same period borrowed $1,179,000,000 from us. We may expect something like the same process to continue. If it does, we shall own a very considerable part of Germany before the war is finally liquidated.

It is inevitable that men should hate those who hold power over them. Hatred is compounded of envy and fear, and power breeds both. It is because powerful nations must inevitably deal with the hatred of their fellows that imperialism, if long practised, invariably develops a technique for counteracting resentment. The budding German Empire failed to develop this technique and perished. The English imperial-

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ists have had better success. Their detractors have attributed their success to their consummate hypocrisy. But the use of power cannot be made sufferable by pretension alone. The English have a genius for politics. Moral pretension is the baser part of that genius; the nobler part is the ability to gauge the interests and reactions of other than your own group.

We are not endowed, as our British brethren, with any such political grace. Our power is derived from our engineering ability, and we erroneously assume that the same genius which created it can wield it. Without intending the result we became imperialists. We were forced to conquer foreign markets to prevent the automatic machine from glutting our home markets; we needed foreign investment opportunities to get rid of our surplus wealth; and our industry reached out into the world to feed the maw of the machine with raw materials.

Our resulting imperial power is administered with singular awkwardness. We hear of the rising tide of resentment against us with a mingled feeling of incredulity and injured innocence. The late Gustav Stresemann quieted his nationalist opponents by suggesting that the Young Plan is not the instrument of Germany's enslavement to France, but the method of the whole of Europe for making its economic servitude to America as sufferable as possible. We laugh at such statements as the chicanery of a harassed statesman. Lord Rothermere protests that Wall Street is a suction pump which sucks in the credit of the world. We attribute such sentiments to the dishonesty of demagogic journalists. Thirty-four nations protest against our tariff bill, and we solemnly declare that we will permit no foreign nation to interfere in our "domestic" politics. France tries to raise a tariff against our automobiles and we hint justified reprisals. We are a business people who know nothing about the intricacies of politics, and in the flush of youthful pride we made no calculations of the reactions in the minds of others.

To the natural defects of our engineering intelligence, our geographic isolation, and our political youth, must be added some limitations of our cultural and moral heritage. We have a puritan penchant for oversimplifying moral and social problems. Mr. Garvin of the London *Observer* has suggested that in complex situations the man who wants to be just and does not know how to be wise is dangerous. That is particularly true, since self-interest is bound to color every conception of justice. The good bishop who recently returned from Europe and declared that

Europe would not be so poor if it only stopped drinking, and that he would oppose any generosity in the settlement of debts as long as there was a possibility of the resulting savings being used for more drinking, is really a quite significant American type.

It does seem that our puritan background has made us more than ordinarily naïve in dealing with the complexities of modern international life. We make simple moral judgments, remain unconscious of the self-interest that colors them, support them with an enthusiasm which derives from our waning but still influential evangelical piety, and are surprised that our contemporaries will not accept us as saviors of the world.

There has been no better revelation of the awkwardness of our imperialism than our enthusiasm for the Kellogg pact. We offered it to the nations in the certain conviction that we were once more assuming "moral leadership" in the Western world. It really did express our honest desire for peace. But it also revealed our unwillingness to count the price which peace costs. Our enthusiasts suggested that Britain imperiled the usefulness of the pact by her reservations in regard to her empire. Yet our Senate debate clearly established reservations in regard to the Monroe Doctrine and proved that we were just as anxious as Britain to protect our imperial interests. Meanwhile we remained uncompromising in regard to war debts, which Europe regards as more important to the peace of the world than any covenant.

The fact is that our political naïveté betrays us into sentimentality, and sentimentality always looks like idealism from an inside perspective and like hypocrisy from an outside one. Our present passion for disarmament is honest enough; but the success of our efforts means that Britain has definitely capitulated to our supremacy and has recognized that it is better to admit us to naval parity than to run the risk of falling out with us by insisting on her probably justified need of greater naval protection.

We shall remain the economic overlords of the Western world and prove ourselves uncompromising on anything which touches the essentials of our empire. No one knows what the future may hold in store for us. The fate of imperialists is always uncertain, and awkward imperialists run a double hazard. Perhaps we may learn political grace in time to be saved from disaster. But such evidence as is available certainly does not encourage the faith that we shall develop a political genius equal to the responsibilities thrust upon us by our imperial power.

The Significance of Arithmetic

Condensed from The North American Review (May, '30)

Donald Rose

Columnist; editorial writer; literary reviewer; after-dinner speaker

I PROFESS to no particular prejudice against arithmetic. The ghastly stuff probably belongs somewhere in the civilized scene, and I was once a sabre-toothed shark at it. I could assimilate a staggering column of figures, multiply it by a cock-eyed decimal fraction, divide it by a least common denominator or anything else that was handy, and carve it neatly into fractions and cube roots, until the cows came home. Thence I went further into higher and wilder mathematics. In spite of which, I now confess that I can't lay a slice of linoleum beneath the kitchen sink without a paper pattern cut out by my wife's loving hands. The net residue of some twelve years of arithmetic amounts to this: that I can usually remember my own telephone number and know the change from a five dollar bill. All the rest is gone off into smoke.

I would willingly forget all this, except that the curse of my youth is now fallen upon my innocent children. The oldest son, for instance, is periodically paged by one or another of his young friends on the family telephone. The young gentleman on the other end has forgotten the assignment, which ought to be reason enough for treating homework with the indifference it deserves, but isn't. He wants to know what the "problems" for tomorrow may be.

My son says incredible things to him. I quote him verbatim.

"Listen, now, and I'll tell you. Find the angles of a triangle if the first angle is twice the second and the third is 15 degrees less than two times the first. That's what I said . . . I know it's cuckoo, but that's what it says. . . ."

That is arithmetic or something, and that is not all. I have a comely young daughter who, as the poet says, is standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet. But she is also standing, for reasons known only to the pedagogues, up to her knees in arithmetic. She must befuddle her curly head with the bad language of the textbooks in mathematics. She must spend her evenings looking cross-eyed at a book whose principal intention is to be as unintelligible as possible. I concede that it may be important that a 13-year-old blonde should understand a modicum of mathematics. But I cannot un-

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derstand why she should bother with brokerage, or worry over rates of international exchange and insurance premiums on a shipment of cotton bales. And that's the sort of raw material which goes by the ton into arithmetic books.

Nor is this all. The jargoneers who write the textbooks have no real intention of being comprehensible. They take a fairly simple problem and tie it in a knot, break it in the middle and tangle it in fly paper before they spring it on the budding mind of young America. This is presumably intended to compel the youngsters to think. It is more likely to give them St. Vitus's Dance.

This sort of thing is frightfully hard on parents. Father comes home from his work and the children descend upon him with the arithmetical ravings of a maniac, written in Jabberwocky and illustrated by hieroglyphic diagrams in the key of B flat. And he can't solve them. Nobody can but a mathematics teacher, and he has nothing else to do.

I concede that mathematics is probably a highly moral subject. But its demonstrable usefulness is too tragically trifling compared to the trouble it takes. An unsuccessful man will rarely have occasion to make use of arithmetic, because he will never have anything to count. A successful man can buy a calculating machine or hire a bookkeeper, and do without it. Schopenhauer discovered this obvious fact a century ago when he wrote: "That arithmetic is the basest of all the mental activities is proved by the fact that it is the only one that can be accomplished by a machine."

All this, you will understand, is in fact a brief parable of protest. The momentary grievance is arithmetic, but a dozen other educational absurdities would do nearly as well to get my steam up.

The years of youth are nearly a third of our allotted three score and ten. By consent of all poets and cheerful philosophers, they are the gracious and generous years, when our capacities for life are way ahead of its responsibilities and hopeful energy has not been discouraged by experience. And they are short and go swiftly.

So it might be supposed that we would agree above all things not to waste a moment of them. Particularly we would examine all the ways and means whereby we impose on youth any burdens of long labor, and insist that these shall be justified of their results.

But we don't do anything of the sort, because our educational customs are entrenched in tradition, fortified by pedagogical obstinacy, and stoutly defended on all sides by a very natural human habit of hanging on to rubbish lest the house seem too

empty when it is gone. We perpetuate absurdities because we don't know how to replace them with something reasonable. We even manage to make out an argument for doing so, just as a housekeeper can muster reasons for keeping a little longer the trash in the attic.

Stephen Leacock discovered at the height of his reasonable years that the entire remains of an average education could be carried in a pocket notebook. I once knew by rote, for example, all the Kings of England. I don't know them now, but I do know where the encyclopedia stands on the shelf. Once I could call by name about 200 bones in my own anatomy and an assortment of muscles. All I know now is that I have rheumatism in one of them.

It is a simple fact that an appalling amount of time is spent in childhood in learning things which don't matter, remembering things which will never be needed, and doing silly tricks which an intelligent man need never waste his time upon. Nobody knows why. If knowledge must needs be handed on by living testimony alone, there might be some point in engraving it by refined brutality on the living tissues of the younger generation. But surely we know by now that knowledge is not good sense, and that memory is no approximate substitute for intelligence. So why do we waste our time?

There are measurable evils that attend on this tragic waste of youth. There is homework, which is commonly a less decent and instructive occupation for a growing boy than the removal of the ashes or the care of a patch of potatoes. There is the glutting of the curriculum, which is everlastingly reaching out for more territory but rarely surrenders an old one. There is the manifest perplexity of pedagogues, each of whom can prove the paramount importance of his own subject. And there is the grievous spectacle of what has come of all this — a generation that knows nothing because it was taught everything, except how to use its tools and talents for health and happiness.

I am not running for Congress, though I present a program which every potential voter of the coming generation will approve. I urge the right of every child to plenty of play and to useful work. When education steals these birthrights, education is in danger of becoming a fantasy and a fearful imposition of adult stupidity on the world's sole hope and chief treasure — the children of our time. Work and play are important; learning is only what you make of it.

The New York Times

Condensed from Fortune (May, '30)

THE New York *Times* is called the most valuable newspaper property in the world. It is certainly the world's greatest business exclusively devoted to the collection and sale of the *news*. Aside from sentiment, Mr. Ochs might refuse $50,000,000 for it.

The financial success of the New York *Times* is the great proof of the adage that virtue is its own (but not its only) reward. Mr. Adolph Simon Ochs came to New York from Chattanooga with an idea and $75,000 worth of credit. With the credit he purchased the then almost defunct New York *Times* and with the idea he built a great journal. This was in 1896. In 1896 Mr. Pulitzer's *World* and Mr. Hearst's *Journal* were "yellows" with enormous circulations. Mr. Ochs' motto "All the News That's Fit to Print" was meant to stand as a daily condemnation of their methods. Also it was applied in practice.

But it was much more than a victory over yellow journalism that Mr. Ochs was preparing. He was right, as the event proved, in supposing that a considerable proportion of the people of New York would prefer a decent statement of fact to a routine of prurient scenarios. What Mr. Ochs did not foresee in gambling on the news as against mere journalistic liveliness was that, with the 20th century, there would "break" a series of news stories of such importance and interest that the paper which was prepared to handle them would easily leave its competitors in the dust. And the second thing which Mr. Ochs could hardly have foreseen was the great 20th century American appetite for Instruction, the appetite which has called forth Book Clubs and Current Events Clubs and Outlines of Philosophy and History. To such a public the serious and decent newspaper is almost sacred. And to such a public the *Times* appeals. When, for example, as during the Naval Conference and the Byrd Expedition, the *Times* forces upon its readers news (and hardly news) of the least possible interest, they are grateful. They realize that it is done for their own good. And they receive it chastened and with thanks.

Mr. Ochs' conception of decency and editorial honor led him to other disciplines than those of news. He refused to print de-

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ceptive or improper advertising. It was a great and radical step and one that seemed bound to lead to bankruptcy. Even the best English papers, even the *Times* of London, published (and still publish) medical advertisements of doubtful merit. And the London practice of accepting pay for advertising that appears as reading matter has not yet gone out. But Mr. Ochs felt himself under obligation in his advertising columns not to deceive his readers, and he acted accordingly. Nothing is more to his credit than his refusal, on occasions when he could hardly have afforded to refuse, of advertising patronage of which he disapproved. In 1901, when the circulation of the *Times* was only 100,000, Mr. Ochs wrote to a meddlesome advertiser:

> You must excuse me from discussing with you the policy of the New York *Times*. If the *Times* as it appears every day is not a sufficient recommendation for the use of its columns by advertisers (such as we will accept), assurance otherwise would be of little or no value.
>
> The New York *Times* is not published solely for the purpose of attracting advertisers. We are seeking to secure the good-will and confidence of intelligent, discriminating newspaper readers. The advertiser is a secondary consideration. You seem to wish that the New York *Times* should go about as a mendicant, begging for advertising patronage. We will never do anything of the kind.
>
> This all leads to the statement that if your advertisement remains out of the New York *Times* until you have some assurance other than the paper as it appears every day, as to the policy of the publisher, the *Times*, as long as it is under its present management, will endeavor to get along without your business.

With increasing size and wealth the freedom of a newspaper obviously becomes greater. The *Times* in 1929 rejected over $350,000 worth of advertising it considered improper. Its means are such today that no corporation could hope to influence it. And it should be, with its position and its ideals of news, as unbiased a publication as any reader could desire. But the means of independence are themselves a restraint. The *Times* has taken on a rich man's mentality. It shies like an oat-fed horse at a red banner. Also it has taken to the excathedral manner so frequently observed among persons of great influence.

It is the richness, material and verbal, of the *Times* that leads people like Upton Sinclair to depict Mr. Ochs as the archreactionary. In practice he is no such thing. He has taken more business chances than most men; and two of them, his gamble on the appeal of sober news, and his gamble on the value of clean

advertising, were radical enough in their day. The truth of the matter would seem to be that Mr. Ochs is a man who has succeeded magnificently and who has, as a result, a very great stake in the existing order. And also that the business is now more important than its creator. Mr. Ochs has created an institution.

Only one or two men are visible beneath this institution. Mr. Rollo Ogden, editor-in-chief, is a mild and kindly gentleman, a graduate of Union Theological Seminary, a former Presbyterian minister and missionary (to the Mexicans), and the ex-editor of the New York *Evening Post*. He claims to feel radically on only two subjects, reformed spelling and experiment with the rules of golf, to both of which he is opposed. Mr. Carr V. Van Anda, the managing editor, has a great reputation among newspapermen and is credited with the organization of the newsgathering service for which the paper is chiefly famous. Mr. Arthur H. Sulzberger, husband of Mr. Ochs' only daughter and his probable successor, is a young man of parts and presence, who does not, as yet, permit himself to talk about the *Times*. The *Times* is greater than them all. But not than Mr. Louis Wiley.

Mr. Louis Wiley has been the business manager of the paper for 34 years. If any man in America has a monument he has one. But Mr. Wiley, at 60, is too busy about a great number of absorbing things to think about monuments. Dancing is his great love, but when there is no dancing to be done he will dine out or sit in a theater or even attend a reception. He goes out every night in the month but one, and that one he has the world in to dinner. He is very small, a Jew, and strong and energetic. He prefers people to objects and famous people to others.

He is not the man to let business routine destroy him. He makes a game of it. Much of his thinking he does impulsively from step to step, scattering his home and his office with pencil jottings on a multitude of subjects. He walks, every decent morning, from 71st Street to 43rd Street with his secretary beside him, so marshaling his advance as never to be halted by the traffic lights, dictating occasional observations as he goes. He travels much, and always among people of importance. He has the continuous and, to him, the necessary sense of being in touch with the world's life. He is the only man whose personality has survived the *Times*. The rest of them are elements of value in the richest news-dispensing business in the world.

"Pull" and the Police

Condensed from The Survey Graphic (May 1, '30)

William Bolitho

Author of "Murder for Profit," "Twelve Against the Gods," etc., specially commissioned by "The Survey Graphic" to study Chicago's crime situation

ONE of the main reasons why the crime situation in Chicago seems so bad is that the ideals of the reform movement there are so high. In Chicago they are comparing the situation not with what really is on earth, in London, or Paris, or Berlin, but with how things are done in some New Jerusalem. In earthly cities, administration of the law by police is unhappily, in reality, always a dirty business, and always has been, everywhere. Only in more easy-going cities, they are content not to inquire too closely; to accept the picture of the policeman on his beat as the whole thing, and to idyllize the detective. When, every ten years or so, they *have* to clean out the sanitary system of society, which policing is, it is done discreetly. No one is asked in to watch. A conventional little story is made of it, open dismissals are reduced to a minimum, and no one, even the newspaper, questions too deeply or seeks to probe. The natural functions of society are performed, except in Chicago, behind a more or less decently decorative scene.

But since we must have comparison for estimation, it should be understood that in the policing of a great city there are three duties. Repression is the last. Control comes before it, and information first of all. The stool-pigeon and the informer, that is to say, are the real machinery. Whatever happens, a police chief must know what is going on in the underworld — even if it is at the cost of leaving crime unpunished. Crimes are bargained for; a sprat catches a mackerel. Sometimes a mackerel is used for shark-bait, and even a shark of magnitude is not too big to give for a real killer-whale. All pick-pockets, let us translate, are by no means jailed at sight; and even fences, those receivers of stolen goods who are the very economic foundations of the criminal world, are sometimes discreetly tolerated, paying for immunity with what an outsider might think very remotely interesting information. It may have happened to you, when you had a friend in high office in the police, and you have been robbed, and then you have gone to your "pull." And then (how marvelous!) you have received your property back in

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a single week, in a night. There must be some method at work here triumphantly different from that of Sherlock Holmes. Quite so. But in Paris, let us say, you would hardly be so indiscreet as to deduce, what however is the truth, that all the fences and many of the likely burglars have been telephoned to, and yet not arrested.

Every now and then, in most great cities, emerges from these deep waters some huge black mystery, on which romance and fear hang their trappings. The Becker case or the Rothstein case in New York; the Phillippe Daudet case in Paris; and so on. What do you suppose is the terrible information given to the man who is sent by popular clamor to "clear it all up," as soon as he has penetrated into the innermost room, of such a nature as to paralyze his force and close his mouth? Not so often honored names and high officials' implication, I fancy, as a straightforward explanation that a penal solution would wreck a huge web of police system, uncovering indispensable pivots of spying, destroying whole regions of the defense system of society which it would take years, during which the worst might happen, to build up again. The French have a name for such affairs, *crimes policiers*.

For the last of these typical outcrops, these symptoms, I suggest you consider that interminable complaint of ex-convicts — that the police never let them at peace when they have found honest work. Well, in the partial degree to which it is truth, this has also something to do with the matter. Cellars and sewers are necessary and useful, but they can never be kept as clean as a drawingroom.

The classic method, of course, is not simple, any more than it is direct. It shades all the way from scientific detection, to spying and wire-tapping; then paid information, tolerance, compensatory complicity, of which you will not alter the value by calling the hard name of "compounding a felony," perhaps sometimes, surely rarely, to a little quiet instigation. But only the very, very zealous and confident police forces would dare to use that.

It is in an understanding of this "implicit necessary" that such phrases as that of Chief Vollmer of Berkeley — now of the Department of Criminology of the University of Chicago — "Every drug peddler is a policeman [*scilicet:* an informer]" are to be taken. The heraldic crest of the underworld is a double-cross. The police laboratory, the use of science to further the ends of justice — their principal employment is to catch the amateur and the first offender. Another system deals with all the rest.

But for the full employment of this system, it is necessary to have a ruthless as well as intelligent chief, and to leave him alone. This the Chicago thirst for perfection cannot, of course, do. No major city police force in the world is so constantly supervised, so continuously inspected, and so cramped in its play by a high moral code. The merest routine actions of Scotland Yard would be on the front page of Chicago newspapers; and look pretty bad, too.

Now it may be to this that is attributed some of the insuccess of police work in Chicago. That insuccess has of course been distorted. Figures have been composed and hastily broadcast, for sneering comparison with those, compiled on quite another basis, of other, especially European cities. I have the authority of Chief Vollmer in saying that police statistics are so irregularly compiled over the world that no valuable comparisons whatever can be drawn from them. A much more precise index of police efficiency in Chicago could be taken from those rates quoted by insurance companies who buy the risk to property from robbery and fraud. In this list, the risk in at least four other great American cities is set down as greater than in Chicago.

Again, though the figures for gang killings are well known over the whole world, and are always followed by the mention that no conviction, or an absurdly inadequate number of convictions followed, yet so far as I know no newspaper has ever accompanied this information with the surely pertinent figures of those killed by the police on the spot. Surely it adds a different complexion to such well known statistics as these: Gang killings, 1926 — 74; 1927 — 56; no convictions — if you add: Criminals shot by police, 1926 — 43; 1927 — 46. And also one might well paste on Arthur Lashly's sage remarks: "When gangsters kill, they kill each other. Though there have been no convictions for such murders, such crimes are seldom solved in any large city."

The large discrepancy between charges and convictions for all offenses in the courts, let it be said in passing, is surely just as indicative of a too zealous police as of a corrupt magistrates' system.

It is my opinion that the intense watchfulness and the uncompromising ideals of the Chicago reformers may have made ordinary police work difficult there. Their police chiefs have to play a hand in a game which is never gentlemanly, with a crowd behind calling their cards, and watching their sleeves carefully.

Music and Animals

It was felt that on this subject, the interest of our readers is best served by this summary, specially prepared by one of our editors.

From street to street he piped advancing
And step for step they followed dancing.

ON one of his Antarctic expeditions Shackleton took a phonograph along. The instrument, set going out in the snow, attracted a flock of penguins. The birds listened, interested, apparently pleased. Then the record was changed to "Waltz Me Around, Willie." For a moment, a moment only, the birds waited; then, as with one mind, they turned, squawking disgustedly, and went off. Their ancient dignity had been profaned. The explorer Scott tells that penguins would always "come up at a trot" when the men were singing, and, he adds, several of his men could frequently be found on the poop of the ship singing before an "admiring group of Adelie penguins."

In many animals music stirs a deep emotional response, whether of pain or of pleasure, it is hard to say. Some dogs point their noses toward the stars and wail at the sound of a piano or of a violin. Caged jackals and wolves show a like instinct. The ancients are said to have drawn crabs out from under the mud and stones by music, and swarming bees were coaxed back to their hives by the clashing of cymbals or the pounding of pans. Seals have followed ships for many miles when there has been music aboard. Musicians playing in the open fields have had strange experiences. Lizards and squirrels have gathered about them unafraid. One squirrel, it is said, came regularly from its hole every time the adagio from Mozart's quartet in E major was played. Sheep and goats have come running for an opera air played on a flute.

Some of the tales one dismisses easily as the offspring of fertile imaginations. Others may arise from man's willingness to think of his own pets as super-animals and of his own music as having rare charm. In a compilation to prove the power of music, written something over a century ago, several such stories appear. One morning very early a tailor is going home after a night spent in fiddling at a party. An angry bull attacks him. With sudden inspiration he begins to fiddle. The bull stops, listens, is charmed. When the man stops, its rage returns. So till dawn the hapless man fiddles away to save his skin. Again, a state prisoner in

the Bastille is allowed to take a lute with him to his cell. While he plays, the mice come out to listen, and the spiders suspend themselves around the instrument.

While Josef Hofmann was once playing in Chicago, a mouse ran up a leg of the concert grand, and there on the top listened with every evidence of delight throughout a concerto. In Dayton, Ohio, during a recital by Harold Henry a rat posted himself behind one leg of the piano, listened attentively till the end of the number, then scurried off into the wings.

A series of experiments conducted with flute, violins, oboe, and mouth organ, in the London zoo indicated a real interest in music on the part of scorpions and spiders. — One remembers that whenever Grétry played a spider would settle itself upon his harpsichord. — The cheetah showed a preference for gay music; the rhinoceri were annoyed and attempted to charge the musicians; the sea-lions came to the surface and listened, pleased by all but the jazz. The reptiles — crocodiles excepted — paid little attention to the music. It was therefore inferred that the gift of the snake charmer is probably not in his music at all but rather in the rhythmic swaying of his body to the music.

A violinist once tried his skill before the cages of Lincoln Park. The time chosen was nightfall, an hour which may have influenced the results markedly. In general, the night creatures appeared to be much more sensitive to the music than were those of the day, and the males were less interested than the females. The male Bengal tiger, for instance, snarled once at the musician, then ignored him. The female pushed her nose and paws between the bars, seeking apparently to get as near as possible. The coyotes came out of their holes at the first sound and ranged themselves in a semicircle around the musician. When he put up his bow, they "pawed at him through the bars," as if asking for more. When he played again, they once more squatted before him. Two Puma panthers disliked all jig music such as "The Irish Washerwoman," yet lay content, listening to such slow and sentimental numbers as "Home, Sweet Home" and "Annie Laurie." Most of the birds remained utterly oblivious to the music. The pelicans, however, according to the account in *The American Naturalist*, flapped their wings and snapped their beaks at the musician.

All of these observations accord with the testimony of a one-time bandmaster of Barnum and Bailey. Elephants, several of the deer and of the cats, he had

noticed, were especially responsive to music. There might be, he said, a great difference in this respect between the individuals of a species. One leopard might seem hardly conscious of music; another would dance with joy at a given air. Lions, he asserted, sometimes showed definite liking or distaste for certain tunes. And elephants became so used to the march from Lohengrin that they would be outraged if led into the circus arena to any accompaniment less stately. All trained animals, he added, are dependent on familiar music. A change in rhythm or in melody might throw them off their cues and result in panic or in serious accident.

Lafcadio Hearn relates in "The First Muezzin" that it was an ancient custom among the Arabs to chant for camels on the march, and he further tells of finding an old story of a sweet-voiced camel driver who by his singing urged his beasts to a three-day march in a single day until at the end they dropped, killed by overexertion. Surely, if music stimulates the activity of men, it may also stimulate that of beasts. Mr. Kenneth Clark says that it does and offers as part evidence a test made at an electric exposition in New York. There it was found that 6 thoroughbred cows would yield 10 to 12 percent more milk when there was music. A southern dairyman is said to have installed a player piano in his barns; another has introduced a phonograph to be played at milking time. Physiologically, it is supposed, music relaxes the udder of the cow and so allows an increased flow of milk. Such uses of music are of long standing. The old Greek shepherds piped to their sheep, thinking thus "to promote digestion"; and a writer in *The Musical Quarterly* instances the fact that the Boetians used a pastoral flute on their equine stud-farms in the belief that this music stimulated procreation.

The difference between the human ear and the ears of other creatures considered, it is possible that musical sounds pleasurable to man may at times be distasteful, even painful, to certain animals. Obviously, their ears are often sensitive to sounds that do not register in the human ear. Scientists recognize that the sounds of many insects are pitched too high for our hearing. Perhaps such insects have means of communication and a music all their own, — mating songs and working songs that we do not hear. If these vibrations could once be caught and reproduced, what new and startling uses for music might be revealed. Male mosquitoes will gather in millions about a whirring dynamo. What enchanting melody would have power to draw the boll weevil away from the cotton?

The Talk of the Town

Excerpts from The New Yorker

THE motion picture story of the week concerns a producer who has recently imported an alien star.

"She's a nize girl," he announced, "and I'm gonna loin her English."

The defence mechanism which the present era of demoniacal newspaper activity has fastened upon our public men was illustrated the other day by the experience of two Manhattanites who found themselves, while strolling about Long Island, overcome with curiosity as to whether it, as an island, was larger than Manhattan. They asked a policeman. After deep thought he expressed the opinion that Long Island was the larger. "But," he shouted to them as they departed, "don't quote me on that."

An incident reflecting the spontaneity of night life: It concerns a substantial middle-aged gentleman who was given a seat beside the dancing space in one of our dens of rather pale iniquity. During the show one of the vivacious young ladies skipped out of line and by way of making things livelier, pulled loose the gentleman's tie and playfully rumpled his hair. When he gave evidence of being annoyed, her expression of gayety relaxed for a moment. "I'm sorry, sir," she explained, "but it's in my contract."

As is well known, many industrial kings take a deep interest in old age insurance, stock purchase plans, home economics for the workers and similar matters. Recently one of the more philanthropic manufacturers was entertaining a visitor in his factory with a dissertation on his own welfare work. As he reached his seventh or eighth peroration he happened to look out of the window. "Why," he said with a glow, "there goes one of our funerals now."

Heard last week in a speakeasy, where two guests were matching for their drinks. The waiter, nervously: "Don't gamble here, gentlemen. The place is full of detectives."

A chess game has been going on for months now, between two men who have offices in Forty-second Street. They play only at the noon hour, on a little pocket chessboard, while standing in line at a cafeteria near the Chanin

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Building. Each noon they pick up where they left off the previous noon.

A personnel expert, very high-powered, for a certain business firm, has a pet intelligence test. When an applicant for a position appears before him, he starts asking the usual questions and then breaks off with "Have you a match?" If the applicant says "No, sir," without reaching in his pockets, or if he reaches in a certain pocket and produces a match immediately, he passes the test. If he fumbles around from pocket to pocket, the way most any man does, he fails. The employer's theory is that unless a man has a definite and habitual pocket for the accessories he normally carries, he is not apt to possess the systematic habits which make an efficient worker.

For many a spring, now, has our sentimental, almost maudlin, old heart thrilled to the chalk writings of children, on walls and sidewalks. Love is always the burden of the messages. Mary loves Herbert. Lucy Ricardo loves Joseph Stein. Simple, heartening evidence, it always seemed to us, of Love's immortality. A chance meeting, the other morning in Eleventh Street, with a young chalk-writer, has left us shaken; but we hope that we are big enough, intelligent enough, to understand that the little girl's emotions sprang from the same rich wells of human feeling that have always fed the soul. She was a curious, self-possessed, pinchy little girl — one of those products of experimental education that you see nowadays. Her handwriting was clear; her spelling was irreproachable; and the promise and pledge that she finally committed to the sidewalk, just as we came along, was "John is Mary's loving Daddy and how."

A company that appears to be flourishing advertises that it will buy land suitable for an airport. Those who communicate are requested to call at an office in the Forties. One woman who became interested called and offered her farm in Connecticut for $48,000. The gentleman she dealt with seemed to think that was a fair price for the land she described, but explained that an expert from Washington would have to approve it first. This calls for a fee of $50, and the expert's traveling expenses, all payable at once. The lady paid; and in a few days she was advised that the expert thought her land was not quite right for an airport.

To show you where the drugstore has got to: A Liggett's in Sixth Avenue has a sign in the window which reads: "Come In and Browse Around."

A student attending the Graduate School of Fordham University met a friend. "Come on up to the campus," he said. They went to the Woolworth Building and up to the forty-second floor. That's where the Graduate School of Fordham University is. Use it as a topic at dinners — "Madam, where do you suppose the campus of the Graduate School, etc.?"

We have just read another prophecy of what the city will be in 50 years. The general impression is of vast white towers in a golden haze. You push a button and summon health, wealth, and happiness. We have been hearing that sort of thing ever since telegraph poles were on Broadway. The fact is that in 1979 it will take half an hour to go through the theater district at 110th Street. There will be puddles in the sidewalk, talk of tearing down the "L," and another subway will be projected. About this time a helicopter taxi will sideswipe a triplane coal cart and everybody at Fifty-third Street and Eighth Avenue will get hit on the head with coal. In the rush hour on the East Side dirigible line, the crowd on the platform will push a man off and he will fall into the East River. Hotel clerks will be more uncivil than ever, the beaches as dirty, telephones will give wrong numbers, the streets will be torn up, and campaign orators will be saying just what they are saying now. And the same kind of elevator boy is going to carry you a hundred stories past your floor and be just as haughty about it.

"The best thing I've seen at this station in years," a gateman at Grand Central Terminal told us, "happened about a month ago when a big Wall Street man was leaving for Chicago. I saw him coming toward the gates with one of the outside, or Black Cap, porters carrying his bags. It is a well-known rule that outside porters are not allowed to go through to the platforms. The financier tried to take the Black Cap through, however, and when I stopped him, he was indignant. I explained the rule, and three or four Red Caps strolled over to take over his baggage, but nothing would persuade that man. Finally he strode indignantly away, accompanied by the faithful Black Cap. A few minutes later back the two of them came. 'This gentleman,' he said, with dignity, indicating the porter, 'is going to Chicago. Perhaps you'd better look at his ticket to see that it's all right.' I examined the ticket and found it was all proper — extra fare, Pullman, everything. The other day one of the boys had a post card from that porter. He decided to stay in Chicago. Likes it fine out there."

The Onslaught on Our Consciousness

Here are random flashes from the front to show how the great campaign against our common consciousness is progressing. Surely, most any day now, we may expect the farmers to make a concerted drive to make us spinach minded and parsnip conscious.

Finding that people are not using as much furniture as they once did, the American furniture manufacturers are planning to put on a nation-wide advertising campaign to make the people furniture-conscious. — *National Lithographer.*

The recent death of Mr. —— recalls his achievements in making the American borax-conscious. — *Mining and Metallurgy.*

The world is surely getting odor-conscious. — *Aromatics.*

The plan to make America path-conscious is so belated that it steps out of the realms of possibility, except its local application as part of the scenic possibility for the vacationist. — *Boot and Shoe Recorder.*

Our people out here (in Denver) are picture-minded. — *Breeder's Gazette.*

Europe, still far behind America in Plumbing and Heating, seems to have become just a wee bit "Bath Conscious" with the production of this unique Fixture. — *Plumbers and Heating Contractors Trade Journal.*

Making the Public Burial Minded. — Title in *Southern Funeral Director* as reported in *American Mercury.*

If people ever are ham conscious it is at Easter. — *The National Provisioner.*

The "solid South" turns cafeteria conscious. — *Cafeteria Management.*

What the boat industry offers the water-minded American public . . . — *Motorboat.*

Gov. Gardner Makes Air Trip to Advise Guilford Farmers They Ought to Become Cow-Minded. — *Greensboro Daily News* as reported in *American Mercury.*

To Make the Public Conditioned-Air Conscious. — *Sheet Metal Worker.*

The object of the campaign is to awaken an active tuxedo consciousness among men of means . . . and to promote more general usage of this admirable masculine attire. — *Editor and Publisher.*

The Romance of Excavation

Condensed from The World's Work (February, '30)

Arthur Weigall

Former inspector-general of antiquities to the Egyptian government

WHEN I first went out to Egypt, I expected to dig a hole in the sand, find a doorway at the bottom, and walk through it into the presence of forgotten kings and queens.

Actually my first season's work was the roughest and most exhausting of my life. I was taken by the professor in charge to an untidy patch of earth and potsherds, into which a hundred native workmen were digging large holes; and for the next few weeks my task was to map the position and depth of the quite uninteresting odds and ends which came to light and, at sunset, to measure up the work done, so that the professor could pay the men by the piece.

As the holes grew deeper the earth became more moist, until at last the men were squelching in a liquid mud pie. Then, one blessed day, the professor announced that our researches in this particular site were complete — that we had cleared the sacred area of the local shrine of Osiris down to prehistoric level and had ascertained some very important facts in regard to the plan of the first settlement.

Somewhat bewildered, I was then taken to a bare and sun-scorched area of sand and told to set the men to digging one big hole. For many weeks, therefore, I sat each day on a rock and watched the clouds of dust rise into the pitiless sky. Then I was transferred to a cemetery site. The first grave which I entered — a subterranean dome of brick — collapsed about my head, and I was dragged out of the sand and débris only after I had given up all hope of ever seeing again the light of the sun.

These and similar misadventures constituted the sorry tale of my first season's excavating. But I was fortunate enough, later, to be appointed inspector-general of antiquities to the Egyptian government, with my headquarters at Luxor, the ancient Thebes. In this capacity it was my business to inspect, on the part of the government, every important discovery. Moreover, excavations were being carried on every cool season in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, where the tomb of Tutankhamen was ultimately found. This undertaking was partly financed and conducted by a wealthy American gentlemen, Mr. Theodore Davis.

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Digging in this famous valley, of course, has been for many years the plum of the excavating business. Here one starts with certain assured facts. It was the royal burial ground only from the early part of the 18th Dynasty (about 1520 B.C.), to the end of the 20th Dynasty (about 1090 B.C.), and the exact number of Pharaohs who reigned between those limits, and whose tombs are therefore situated in this area, is known. The majority of these sepulchers have been robbed in ancient times and now lie open; and in my time we knew exactly how many Pharaohs' tombs were still hidden. All these missing tombs were found during my inspectorate, with the exception of that of King Tutankhamen.

Discoveries in the Valley come suddenly. A few days after I had been appointed inspector-general, and while my predecessor was still in residence, the mouth of a tomb was unexpectedly laid bare. A flight of steps cut in the rock led down to a doorway blocked by a wall of stones, in the upper part of which was a hole big enough to permit us to obtain a glimpse of a corridor sloping steeply down into the darkness. We could just see another blocked doorway at the bottom, and when we had effected an entrance and had descended to this second walled-up doorway we found a hole in it through which we could look, with the help of our electric lamps, into a small chamber stacked to the ceiling with gorgeous furniture ablaze with gold.

That night I sat on guard, gun in hand, over the mouth of the tomb, just about as excited as I have ever been in my life. I was little more than a boy at the time, and the weight of my responsibility very nearly throttled me.

On the following morning, when our party was collected, we removed stones from the walls to effect an entrance. Our first object was to look at the inscriptions on the side of the catafalque to see whose tomb we had discovered; and here we read the names of Prince Yuaa and his wife, Princess Tuiu — well-known historical characters, the father and mother of the great Queen Tiy, wife of Amenophis III (1406–1370 B.C.)

It was evident at once that thieves had been in the tomb before us, for the lids of the coffins had been lifted off, and the bandages had also been stripped from the faces of the two dead bodies — clearly in order to get the gold necklaces; and there was evidence to show that the robbery had been carried out immediately after the burial, probably by the "undertakers" themselves.

In spite of the wonderful funeral furniture all around, I could

not take my eyes off the Prince's face. There he lay, like an old man asleep, his white hair thrown back from his wrinkled forehead, his eyes closed, his great beak of a nose and his faintly smiling mouth looking as though the breath were still in his lungs, and on his chin an unshaved scrub of short hairs, indicating that he had been too ill to be attended by a barber on the last day of his life and that after his death the embalmers had not troubled to shave him.

I held my lamp above his beautiful old face, and the trembling of my hand caused a flicker of shadow to move beneath his eyelashes, so that I started back, almost thinking that he was about to open his eyes. It was beyond the power of thought to realize that he had died before Greece or Rome had been heard of; before Moses, even, had led the children of Israel out of Egypt.

The Princess's face was not so startling, but she too was well-preserved, and her tumbled gray hair and expression of worry gave her a semblance of life which bridged the ages. She was astonishingly like somebody I knew.

The objects buried in this chamber were of a very varied character. In one corner stood the Prince's chariot; beside it were two comfortable-looking beds, with springy mattresses of crisscrossed string. There were three or four armchairs, including one which, so the inscription told us, had been presented to the Prince by the daughters of Queen Tiy and King Amenophis. One may suppose that the girls loved their old grandfather and had wanted to give him something useful to take with him into the next world. Boxes, chests, tables, soft cushions, vases, utensils, sandals were heaped up around the chamber. On one of the tables was an alabaster vase containing what appeared to be thick honey, still liquid; it proved to be castor oil.

The excitement of a discovery of this kind is extreme. Suddenly Mr. Davis uttered a groan and went off in a dead faint. When he came round, I expressed my regrets at his indisposition; whereat he replied, "That's all right! I paid a pretty big sum of money for that sensation."

In the following year we discovered another tomb of a similar kind, wherein Queen Tiy herself had been buried; but her body had later been removed and that of her son, the Pharaoh Akhnaton interred there in its place. The coffin was most gorgeous, being incrusted with semiprecious stones set in gold. The mummy was wrapped round with sheets of pure gold.

Two seasons later we found the once magnificent tomb of the

Pharaoh Haremheb, but it had been plundered in ancient times. Near the mouth of this tomb we discovered a rock-cut chamber wherein the Pharaoh's dog and pet monkey had been buried. Originally they had been embalmed, but robbers in ancient times had stripped them of their embalming bandages and, as a joke, placed them so that the dog's nose and the monkey's were touching. "Well," said Mr. Davis, as we stood staring at these two perfectly preserved friends of long ago, "it has taken 3000 years for anybody to see *that* joke."

Thus our researches proceeded, winter after winter; but at length Mr. Davis died. Later Lord Carnarvon took Mr. Davis's place, employing Mr. Howard Carter as his trained excavator; and after a few fruitless years the latter suddenly laid bare the mouth of the tomb of Tutankhamen, which proved to contain the richest mass of antiquities ever discovered together in Egypt. Every Pharaoh's tomb must have once contained objects just as magnificent and costly; but Tutankhamen's was the only one which had escaped the attentions of the thieves of long ago.

The jewel room in the Cairo Museum contains a collection of absolutely fabulous value, the bulk of which has been provided by legitimate excavation, but a considerable portion by chance finds. For example, a splendid group of jewels and gold and silver vases was discovered by a native who was riding a donkey. The animal tripped and flung its rider head-first into a heap of loose earth, from which he emerged, to his astonishment, with a golden bracelet in one hand and a silver pot in the other.

During my first years in Egypt I used to see a great deal of Dr. Grenfell and Dr. Hunt, the two Oxford scholars whose work has become so justly famous.

They had found that the coffins of the Greek period were made of a sort of papier-mâché consisting of scraps of paper — the contents of the waste-baskets of the town. By disintegrating these coffins and piecing together the torn-up fragments of paper they were able to present to the world volume after volume of private letters, documents, and literary fragments of tremendous interest, including seven new sayings of Jesus Christ — part of a lost gospel.

In handling the objects found I often experienced a sense of amazement at their seeming newness. I remember there was a toupee of hair, neatly curled at the fringe, which had belonged to one of Egypt's first queens. She lived five thousand years ago, but the permanent wave had not yet come out.

The Curse of Amen-Ra

Condensed from McCall's Magazine (May, '30)

Edgar Wallace

Every fourth book sold in England is one by this famous author of detective stories

A PORTLY dragoman watched the little group of helmeted Europeans who were directing the excavations of Tutankhamen's tomb. He turned to his employer, the special correspondent of a London newspaper, and said: "They will find gold and death."

The startled newspaper man asked why.

"Because," said the dragoman, "the old gods live. This man" — he waved his hand contemptuously toward the tomb — "was an unbeliever. He found the old gods too late; and he offended the god of all gods, Amen-Ra."

Somebody told Lord Carnarvon this story. He did not laugh at it. He was a very sane, unemotional man. In all seriousness, he immediately said: "I recognize that possibility."

And this is the fact that is curious, that every mummy which is supposed by popular tradition to be "unlucky" is the mummy of one who has defied the great gods.

Tutankhamen was buried with elaborate ceremonial, but they made no image of Ra in yellow and set it at the bow of the boat which carried his swathed body; nor did they paint on suitable plaques the figures of the gods Tem, Shu, Tefnut, Seb, Mut, Osiris, Isis, Suti, and Nephthys and anoint them with cedar oil. And the Spell of Peace did not go into the closed cavern where they laid the body of the young king. Only a great unrest. For although Tutankhamen was hastily recalling the exiled divinities, and had changed his very name to propitiate them, the Old Ones who sit on the Parapets of Hell were not with him, and their wrath dwelt in the pitch-dark chamber where they laid the embalmed shell of the unbeliever.

Some day we shall discover that thought has substance and that love and hate are as material as the rays of the sun; then we shall know that the stories we dismiss as myths and the frantic imaginings of half-demented priests are terribly well-founded in sober fact. Hate may not lie like a cloud over the Valley of the Kings, nor stand, an invisible and vengeful shape, to bar intrusion into the mysteries of the dead; but hate is there, a tangible and everlasting factor.

Very clear-headed scientists

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viewed the excavations with uneasiness. Such men do not believe in ghosts; but they do not preclude the possibilities of psychic phenomena.

There are hoodoo men and women — who doubts this? There are ordinary people who carry with them into house and office an aura of disaster or fortune. The *x* which produces such phenomena is a mystery as yet unsolved.

In Tutankhamen's tomb was the supreme *x*, which was death.

With Lord Carnarvon were Howard Carter and his secretary, Dick Bethell, M. Benedite, the French archaeologist, who was in charge of the Department of Antiquities at Cairo, and M. Pasanova. Of those men only one remains alive.

When the tomb was opened two other notables entered. One was Colonel Aubrey Herbert, Carnarvon's half brother; the other was Evelyn-White. When Aubrey Herbert entered the cavern he shivered and stopped, reluctant to go on. "I wish to God Carnarvon hadn't found this tomb. Something dreadful is going to happen to our family."

Before the year was out he was dead.

When the door was forced Carnarvon walked into the tomb with a smile and a jest. "I wish he hadn't laughed — he will be dead in six weeks," said Arthur Weigall, the writer. Something stung Lord Carnarvon on the cheek. He was a dead man before the wonders of the tomb were fully revealed.

Evelyn-White, Egyptologist and scholar, became a changed man after the tomb was opened. It was as though he were haunted by some unseen and dreadful presence. Within a year he had committed suicide. "There was a curse upon me," he wrote in the letter he left behind him.

The Egyptian authorities brought Sir Archibald Douglas Reed, a great radiologist, to X-ray the mummy. Within a year he was a dead man.

Professor Laffleur, of McGill University, was the first American scientist to examine the chamber of death. He did not leave Luxor alive.

Young men, old men, men in the prime of life, men for whose lives any insurance office would have exacted the minimum premium, died, mysteriously, tragically. Only Howard Carter remains of the principals. Almost every workman who entered the tomb has passed into the shadows.

Seven French authors and journalists visited the tomb; six were dead within two years. When they unveiled Tutankhamen they found a mark upon his face — the mark left on Lord Carnarvon's face was in exactly the same position.

(Continued on page 133)

Where America Gets Its Booze

Condensed from Popular Science Monthly (May, '30)

An interview with Dr. James M. Doran by E. E. Free

Dr. Doran is head of the Treasury Department Unit for enforcement of the Volstead law; Dr. Free is a distinguished writer upon scientific subjects

BOOTLEGGERS are the only people in America who have adjusted themselves completely to prohibition. Providing America with alcoholic drink is now a well organized business with an income estimated at over three billion dollars a year. It has its executives, its salesmen, its technical experts and traffic specialists, its lawyers, its financiers. It is illicit, but its existence is an economic fact to be reckoned with.

When prohibition went into effect, Dr. Doran told me, there was much liquor in storage in bonded warehouses. Owners were allowed to retain this liquor, for medicinal sale or for any other legal use. At that time, the illicit manufacture of alcohol was not yet an organized business. The first illicit liquor, then, came from rifled warehouses; guards were bribed; individuals even went so far as to buy whole warehouses full of other people's whisky, and then steal the property for which they were responsible, cheerfully paying damages when they fell due, as the profit on illicit sale was greater than any possible legitimate damages.

By 1922 or 1923 most of this stored liquor was gone, and the budding illicit industry turned to denatured alcohol as the new source of supply. Alcohol is one of the world's most important industrial chemicals quite aside from its use in beverages. Even before prohibition, the production of alcohol for industrial uses far exceeded its use in whisky. It was not difficult for the bootleg industry to remove the added materials from the denaturing formulas then in use, leaving reasonably pure alcohol. This alcohol began to replace, in the bootleg market, the materials stolen from the warehouses. It is not necessary, the uninitiated should be informed, for a bootlegger to have whisky, gin, brandy, and all the rest in order to supply his customers with what they want. Any liquor and many wines can come out of the same alcohol barrel.

There is a great outcry at present about "synthetic gin," yet seldom has America seen anything else. Real gin is generally supposed to be made by fermenting juniper berries and distilling the product. But before prohibition, as now, virtually all the gin

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drunk in America, no matter how foreign and pretentious the label, was made synthetically out of juniper oil, other flavoring matters, and alcohol.

Today not only the gin, but the whisky, brandy, liqueurs, and other drinks are made from raw alcohol "cut" with water, which merely means diluted, and then flavored with special materials to make the final liquid taste like Scotch, rye, absinthe, or whatever the trade demands. There is nothing new about this. Liquors have been made that way for years.

Great store used to be set on "aging," and it is true that to keep a raw distilled liquor in a wooden barrel charred to charcoal on its inside does destroy, in the course of time, certain chemicals, like fusel oil, which may exist in natural whiskies distilled from fermented grain. But if the maker starts with pure alcohol and adds nothing harmful, aging will not make the resulting whisky, gin, or brandy a better or a less harmful drink.

Anyway, the present bootlegging industry makes and distributes a very fair quality of booze, virtually all made synthetically out of raw alcohol. One thing that the industry has learned is that it is not good business to poison one's customers. Probably there were about as many instances of poisoning from bad liquor in preprohibition days as now. At present, at any rate, it is chiefly not poisons but alcohol, just the same as it always was, that sends heavy drinkers to the hospitals and the casualty lists.

It has always been possible to take the denaturing materials out of alcohol and leave the latter reasonably pure. It is still possible to do so. But as the denaturing formulas have been tightened up by prohibition authorities, the process has become too expensive for the bootlegger. Dr. Doran showed me figures to prove that the bootlegger turned to the cheaper method of fermenting sugar or similar substances, distilling the product to make the needed raw alcohol.

Recent seizures by the prohibition authorities, said Dr. Doran, indicate that the present chief source of alcohol for the bootlegger is sugar which is fermented with yeast and then distilled in modern rectifying stills. The product is concentrated, reasonably pure alcohol, from which the local "distributor" can make rye, gin, Scotch, wine, or the "finest imported liqueurs."

Statistics of present-day use of alcohol are admittedly very inaccurate. Dr. Doran's office estimates the present production of illicit alcohol at about 30,000,000 gallons a year. Dr. Doran convincingly proves that at least 25,000,000 gallons of this booze is

coming from distillation in large, hidden stills. Possibly two or three million gallons of denatured alcohol is still being reconditioned for beverages. The only other prominent source is illicit importation and "rumrunning." This is spectacular but from the standpoint of the bootleg barons it is almost useless. Dr. Doran does not believe that more than two million gallons enter America in this way. I have been given larger estimates, but I agree with Dr. Doran.

This fact may have interest for intending purchasers who hear that "this just came off a transatlantic ship," or in Detroit that "this was just run over the river last night." Of course such rumrunning does happen. But were rumrunning or European ships to bring into the United States each year all the alcohol that Americans drink, there would be little room in the ships for cargo, and tourists would be crowded from the roads across the international boundaries.

The Curse of Amen-Ra

(Continued from page 130)

On the day the tomb was opened a cobra, which was the sacred snake of Egypt, went into Howard Carter's house and destroyed his favorite pet, a canary that the explorer took with him wherever he went; the cobra is the rarest snake in Egypt.

Woolf Joel visited the tomb, and was dead within a year. Jay Gould was taken ill in the tomb and died. To every man without exception who has visited the tomb, misfortune has come.

The most skeptical admit that there is something more than coincidence in the fatalities which have followed association even with minor articles that have been taken from the tomb. Pieces which have been placed in the Cairo Museum have been "working." Attendants whose duty it is to look after these exhibits have sickened and died for no known reason.

The famous Dr. Mardus was convinced that the opening of Tutankhamen's tomb would bring death. "The Egyptians for 7000 years possessed the secret of surrounding their mummies with some dynamic force of which we have only the faintest idea," he said.

The Mannequins Parade

Condensed from The Mentor (April, '30)

Marie Beynon Ray

SHOWER of lights, dazzle of jewels. In the *grande salon* are hundreds of little gold chairs. At the far end, a miniature stage, hung with silvery curtains. To music, the curtains slowly part, and one after another the most exquisite girls to be found in all Paris emerge, pirouette, descend the steps and walk out among us, wheeling gayly this way and that the better to be admired. In velvet and satin, in tweed and jersey, in chiffon and lace, the fashion history of 1930 is written down before us as the mannequins sweep in and out.

Such an "opening" is now a commonplace. But the first human mannequins were unexciting creatures, clad in rigid black satin sheaths, coarse cotton stockings, high tan walking boots, often the worse for wear. There was no coquetry about those girls! A face guiltless of powder, framed in an untidy coiffure, called heaven to witness to the honesty of the working girl.

The black satin sheath was to the mannequin as her own skin. Indigenous. That it should have been worn beneath evening gowns passeth human understanding. None the less that was the way it was done. What was obviously a black satin body stepped forth clad in the most diaphanous of evening gowns, the black satin arms and neck protruding from the flower-like bodice. Above the subtly cut décolleté towered the ominous neck and face shining with honest effort.

Then in the Mauve Decade came a great innovator: Lucille, Lady Duff-Gordon. She was one of those rare women who was bored with being a peeress and sufficiently energetic to do something about it. There was talent in that gay little red head of hers and artistry in those restless, slim fingers. So she set up a dressmaking shop in London and began turning out those magnificent creations that helped to make so many women famous: Ellen Terry, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lillie Langtry, young Margot Asquith, the Queen of Spain and, much later, Irene Castle. But to make and sell these gorgeous clothes was not enough for her energetic ladyship. She had a dramatic instinct. She had had some experience with the stage, and she knew the value of a setting, of a pose; above all, of an entrance.

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So her ladyship decided to bring as much of Drury Lane into the dressmaking business as was possible — and in good taste. At one magnificent leap her imagination visioned a fine old mansion, a resplendent salon such as peeresses trail through and at one end a little stage such as peeresses maintain for their private theatricals. In almost no time the first *grande maison de couture* was initiated — and in London, not in Paris!

Now came the question of the figures that were to be shown against this background, and this was a poser even for the indomitable Lucille. Lady Duff-Gordon was not one to be satisfied with mere prettiness. Somewhere, she argued, there must be young women, unknown, but as beautiful as Lillie Langtry and Lillian Russell.

So, quietly, she began her search for the most beautiful woman in the world. And she found — not one of her, but six. Six — each more beautiful than the other. Not that they looked like beauties when Lucille discovered them. Cinderellas, every one of them, awkward of gait, round-shouldered, their beauty hidden beneath ill-fitting garments, their hair and hands ill-kept.

Lady Duff-Gordon set to work. She knew how a peeress should (but usually doesn't) walk and use her hands and hold her head. For months she trained her six gawky Galateas until —

Until one day she gave her now historic opening. As they appeared, one after another, parting the curtains, pausing a moment as the soft lights fell upon them, then moving like slow music through the room, there was a cathedral hush, and then a soft break of applause, growing at last deafening. One Lillie Langtry would have been conceivable; but a Lillie, a Lillian, a Maxine, a Helen of Troy, a Cleopatra and a Beatrice d'Este all at the same moment — that was *not* believable. Who were they? Where had they come from? How could one meet them? At once a story and a mystery began to gather about them, and clever Lady Duff-Gordon rolled up thousands of dollars' worth of advertising in a single evening.

Lucille had a genius for inventing names, as she had for discovering beauty: Dolores, "red mouth of a venomous flower"; Hebe, cup-bearer to the gods; Gamela, "Black Beauty" in Arabic. Lucille made every woman realize that she was a type. Dolores was cool, aloof, six feet of statuesque loveliness, a young Juno. Hebe was darkly, softly remote. Melisande was a scarcely palpable presence, floating mistily through the room. Dinarzade was the slant-eyed "little moon of delight," dark, strange, gleaming.

As time went on, Lucille perfected her technic. These goddess girls gradually, by dint of walking two hours a day with a book on their heads, acquired a gait such as we should expect of the Venus di Milo. And these girls were trained in mind as well as in body. Did you ever hear of a dressmaker who marched all her mannequins to museums, concerts and art exhibits that they might acquire an appreciation of color, costume and rhythm? Lucille did that.

Then suddenly surfeited with success, Lucille looked about her for more worlds to conquer. Paris! Everyone warned her against it. But she took an enormous house in Paris, brought over her famous mannequins, began to turn out astounding clothes and instantly was a success.

As for those ten mannequins of hers — there were ten of them now — well, Paris had never seen anything like them. When two of them entered a restaurant together, every man in the restaurant rose in mute homage.

That English mannequin invasion Paris will never forget. Paris was given to understand that these mannequins were not as other mannequins, that their manners and their morals were on a different plane, that they were the daughters of broken bankers and impoverished pastors, and under the protection of an austere English establishment. They were lodged in an apartment by themselves, under the care of an impregnable chaperone, and every Sunday, like so many schoolgirls, they were marched, two by two, through the streets of Paris, straight to Duval's for luncheon and straight home again. That, Paris was to understand, was what English maidenhood was! That was indeed something for Paris to sit up and talk about.

Having conquered Paris, Lucille came to New York. And the triumph that awaited her and her mannequins was, if anything, greater than her triumph in Paris. Florenz Ziegfeld attended one of Lucille's openings and saw Dolores walk across the stage. That was enough for the astute Mr. Ziegfeld. In his revues he adopted the fashion show *in toto* — just a parade of beautiful mannequins wearing the most magnificent clothes the dressmakers could make.

Many of the mannequins finally rose to dizzy altitudes. Dolores married Mr. Tudor Wilkinson, a millionaire art collector. Hebe married Mr. Arthur Kingsland, even more of a millionaire. Florence married a Scotch aristocrat and was presented at court — and so on. And these were the girls who once lived in hall bedrooms, wore long-sleeved calico nightgowns and got up at 6:30 A.M. to do their own laundry.

The Magic Wand Eternal

From Jean-Christophe (Henry Holt and Company)

Romain Rolland

IT is impossible to imagine what Jean-Christophe made of a simple piece of wood, a broken bough found alongside a hedge. It was a magic wand. If it were long and thin, it became a lance, or perhaps a sword; to brandish it aloft was enough to cause armies to spring from the earth. Jean-Christophe was their general, marching in front of them, setting them an example, and leading them to the assault of a hillock. If the branch were flexible, it changed into a whip. Jean-Christophe mounted on horseback and leaped precipices. Sometimes his mount would slip, and the horseman would find himself at the bottom of the ditch, sorrily looking at his dirty hands and barked knees. If the wand were lithe, then Jean-Christophe would make himself the conductor of an orchestra: he would be both conductor and orchestra; he conducted and he sang; and then he would salute the bushes, with their little green heads stirring in the wind.

He was also a magician. He walked with great strides through the fields, looking at the sky and waving his arms. He commanded the clouds. He wished them to go to the right, but they went to the left. Then he would abuse them, and repeat his command. He would watch them out of the corner of his eye, and his heart would beat as he looked to see if there were not at least a little one which would obey him. But they went on calmly moving to the left. Then he would stamp his foot, and threaten them with his stick, and angrily order them to go to the left; and this time, in truth, they obeyed him. He was happy and proud of his power. He would touch the flowers and bid them change into golden carriages, as he had been told they did in the stories; and, although it never happened, he was quite convinced that it would happen if only he had patience. He would look for a grasshopper to turn into a hare; he would gently lay his stick on its back, and speak a rune. The insect would escape: he would bar its way. A few moments later he would be lying on his belly near to it, looking at it. Then he would have forgotten that he was a magician, and just amuse himself with turning the poor beast on its back, while he laughed aloud at its contortions.

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It occurred to him also to tie a piece of string to his magic wand, and gravely cast it into the river, and wait for a fish to come and bite. He knew perfectly well that fish do not usually bite at a piece of string without bait or hook; but he thought that for once in a way, and for him, they might make an exception to their rule; and in his inexhaustible confidence, he carried it so far as to fish in the street with a whip through the grating of a sewer. He would draw up the whip from time to time excitedly, pretending that the cord of it was more heavy, and that he had caught a treasure, as in a story that his grandfather had told him.

He used to sit on a heap of loose stones or a milestone, or some high seat, uncomfortable and peculiar; and he used to wag his little legs, and hum to himself, and dream. Or sometimes he used to lie on his back and watch the clouds go by; they looked like oxen, and giants, and hats, and old ladies, and immense landscapes. He used to talk to them in a low voice, or be absorbed in a little cloud which a great one was on the point of devouring. He was afraid of those which were very black, almost blue, and of those which went very fast. It seemed to him that they played an enormous part in life, and he was surprised that neither his grandfather nor his mother paid any attention to them. They were terrible beings if they wished to do harm. Fortunately, they used to go by, kindly enough, a little grotesque, and they did not stop. The boy used in the end to turn giddy with watching them too long, and he used to fidget with his legs and arms, as though he were on the point of falling from the sky. His eyelids then would wink, and sleep would overcome him. Silence. . . . The leaves murmur gently and tremble in the sun; a faint mist passes through the air; the uncertain flies hover, booming like an organ; the grasshoppers, drunk with the summer, chirp eagerly and hurriedly; all is silent. . . . Under the vault of the trees the cry of the green woodpecker has magic sounds. Far away on the plain a peasant's voice harangues his oxen; the shoes of a horse ring out on the white road. Jean-Christophe's eyes close. Near him an ant passes along a dead branch across a furrow. He loses consciousness. . . . Ages have passed. He wakes. The ant has not yet crossed the twig.

A Nation of Elders in the Making

Condensed from The American Mercury (April, '30)

Warren S. Thompson and P. K. Whelpton

Warren S. Thompson, Ph.D., is director of the Scripps Foundation for Research in Population Problems

IN 1790, 140 years ago, we took our first national census. At that time we had a population of 3,929,214. This in itself represented a very rapid growth in the century and three-quarters during which white settlement had been going on. But it seems small in comparison with the 31,000,000 we had in 1860 at the outbreak of the Civil War. During this period of 70 years our population doubled every 23 years.

By the time this year's census is taken, at the end of the second 70-year period of our census taking, our population will have grown to 120,000,000. This represents a rate of growth somewhat less than one-half that of the earlier period. There can be no doubt that during the next 70-year period, 1930 to 2000, our rate of growth will still further decline.

Even our professional boosters seem to be convinced of this, for we find them talking of no more than 250,000,000 people in the year 2000. A populationist must regard even such an estimate of our growth as fantastic. The changes now going on seem to us to indicate that our population in 2000 A.D. will not exceed 185,000,000, and it is quite likely that it will be considerably less.

In the United States as a whole, the birth-rate has been declining very rapidly of late years. Although this decline commenced over a century ago, it has been particularly marked since 1920. The death-rate, on the other hand, has scarcely fallen at all since 1920. A continuation of the present birth- and death-rates at each age of life will result in a population having far fewer children and many more elderly people.

Furthermore, it is as certain as anything can be that the present birth-rates are going to decline still further in the near future. Already the white population of our large cities and indeed of some of the more highly urbanized States in the Northeast has birth-rates too low to maintain its present numbers over any considerable period of time. Thus if the 1928 birth-rates and death-rates at each age of life prevail in the future and no additions are made, except through births from within the group, the white population of Connecticut, Massachusetts, and

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New York will have more deaths than births, and will decrease 31% in a century.

There is not the least doubt that the low birth-rates characteristic of our cities and more highly industrialized States are going to set the standard for the rest of the country. The personal advantages of small families are rapidly being realized by all classes of people in every section of the country. Grandfather used to say laughingly that his children were all boys but nine. Now the small son of a friend, after watching eight or nine children playing around a Kentucky farmer's shack, asked his mother, "Do three families live there?" and on being answered in the negative, exclaimed in surprise, "Why! can one family have more than three children?"

In cities this youngster's attitude represents the customary attitude toward the family. And even those who live in the country are fast cutting down on one large agricultural surplus, viz., the surplus children who will move to the cities when they come of age. There is good reason, therefore, to believe that the population growth of the United States during the remaining 70 years of this century will be but a small fraction of what it has been in the past.

The most obvious effect of this slower population growth is the way in which it will affect our business structure. In the past, with a population doubling every few years, we were certain to have business of all kinds growing by leaps and bounds. No wonder "business as usual" has come to mean a continuous and rapid expansion. Many communities and individuals are due for a very rude awakening when it becomes clear that business expansion at the rate of the last three or four decades is not to continue indefinitely. Competition will become far keener than it is now. Already most of the important industries in this country can turn out 20% to 50% more goods than they can sell. What will happen to expanding industries as our population growth declines?

Many a real estate bubble, too, is bound to be pricked because there will not be enough people to build houses in all the subdivisions that are being laid out.

But there is also a bright side to the picture. A slowing up in population growth will be a veritable godsend to educators, who have heretofore been kept so busy providing new buildings for increased numbers that the quality of their teaching has suffered. City governments also will have time to ask what can be done to make decent living possible for the great masses of their working populations, if they are not so fully occupied with extending

streets, sewers, transportation lines, and so forth. When we no longer boast of mere numbers we shall be more likely to take pride in our parks, our museums, our libraries, our healthy people, our good (not big) theaters, our clean streets, our smokeless factories, our comfortable homes for working people, our schools and universities, our taste in music and a thousand other things more worthy our pride than bigness.

Meanwhile, the slowing up of our rate of growth cannot possibly take place without being accompanied by very significant changes in our national make-up. Compared with earlier times, we shall become a nation of elders. The only way in which a population can be kept young is by having a birth-rate well above the death-rate, as we have had from early colonial times until the beginning of this century. But our birth-rate is now falling faster than our death-rate, and the spread between the two has become so narrow that it may be wiped out or even reversed before 2000 A.D.

What effects will this change have upon our social and economic life?

We have been hearing a great deal of late regarding the attitude of industry and business toward men past 40. It appears that many firms have an absolute deadline at 40 and will not consider hiring anyone who is past that age. In the next several decades there will be a large and steady increase of persons over 40. This fact is as certain as that the sun will rise tomorrow. We must, therefore, squarely face the problem of how these older people, whom the efficiency experts are now turning out, are to be provided for. Charity, on such a scale, would lead to economic catastrophe. There is only one solution: Our business organization, as a whole, must be so modified that it can find places for able-bodied workers over 40. Indeed, it must find places for all able-bodied workers no matter what their age, and even for many who are not able-bodied but who can still maintain themselves if they are given tasks suited to their strength and capacity.

It is interesting to speculate upon some of the changes in our habits of consumption which are likely to follow upon our changing age composition. We must learn to think of a rising general death-rate, because we will have more old people to die. We shall probably need more undertakers, then, and more coffins; if we are to have fewer births and more old people, we shall need fewer baby carriages and more wheel chairs, fewer juvenile books and more essays and books of sermons; as we grow older we shall also want fewer dinner jackets and more

smoking jackets; fewer baseball diamonds and more golf links.

The most important general social effect of growing older will probably be a gradual movement in the direction of conservatism. The fundamental radicalism of American industry, which is illustrated by a manufacturer scrapping many millions of dollars worth of machinery in order to make a better and perhaps a cheaper product, is in bold contrast to the attitude of the French or English business man. Part of this aggressiveness has been due to the fact that a great deal of economic power has always been held among us by comparatively young men. One can not but wonder whether we shall have the same amount of enterprise when we find that most of the men who hold any amount of property are past 50 and many of them are between 60 and 70 years of age. It is one of the constant complaints of young Englishmen and Frenchmen that they have no chance at home, that old men are in the saddle and will not allow the enterprising youngster opportunity to show what he can do.

It is interesting to speculate upon the effect of an increase in the average age upon our amusements and cultural activities — in a word, upon the way we use our leisure. Will greater maturity lead us to develop more interest in the activity of our minds and less in that of our legs? Will advancing age increase the number of admirers of the poets, the painters, the novelists, the musicians, and so forth, and decrease that of the athletic and movie stars? It may easily come to pass that an older population will support more good concerts and fewer dance-halls; that it will buy more books and stay at home to read them; that it will find more enjoyment in studying nature intimately than in seeing how many miles of roadside it can eat up in a day.

Space does not permit a discussion of the effects of a great increase in urban dwellers. One may wonder whether when 70% or more of us live in cities we will tolerate the modern city in anything like its present form, or whether we will remake it into a decent place for people to live and work in; whether we will still believe that all good things come from big crowds, or whether we shall learn that the human spirit can thrive even in small places if it is provided with the right sort of contacts. One may also wonder whether the blending of the diverse elements in our population into a more homogeneous whole will add to or subtract from the possibility of our making some substantial contribution to human living. But we must close with wondering, for we cannot answer.

And the End Is Not Yet

Condensed from Nation's Business

WE are told that at one time there was concern in Great Britain because of the scarcity of the kind of wood required for long bows used in the defense of the community. Before that need became acute, the long bow had been practically discarded. At another period the fear was for the future supply of oak needed for ships' knees, without which an efficient navy could not be maintained. But iron ships made ships' knees of oak unnecessary.

Then the fear arose that the supply of charcoal to produce charcoal iron needed for national defense would fail. Today little charcoal is required for such purposes, for this is an age of steel.

So time after time people have feared for the safety and progress of the next generation. But the next generation has found new tools, new requirements, and often new fears of its own for the generation still to come.

Back in the early 17th Century, English economists were worried because of the advent of the stagecoach. One summed up the imminent decay of trade and manhood sure to result from the acceptance of that new vehicle under the heading "The Grand Concern of England Explained." All the unsatisfactory conditions of the country were laid to the "multitude of stagecoaches and caravans." He wrote:

> These coaches and caravans are one of the greatest mischiefs that hath happened to the kingdom. They prevent the breed of good horses, destroy those that are bred and effeminate his majesty's subjects, who, having used themselves to travel in them have neither attained skill themselves, nor bred up their children to good horsemanship, whereby they are rendered uncapable of serving their country on horseback, if occasion should require and call for same.

In addition, the writer points out, the coach lessens the demand for swords, belts, pistols, holsters and hat-cases.

They hurt the clothiers for while a person of quality and retinue would, in horseback days, have had to carry several changes of clothing, the stagecoach enables men to travel unattended, with only a "silk-suit" and Indian gown, with a sash and silk-stockings and a beaver hat for equipment. "The inns consequently suffer from the smaller size of the parties and the diminished appetites and thirst of the travelers."

We have traveled far since the 17th Century. But we still fear —

and fight — that which is new and strange.

Retail dealers in a great convention, "after an exciting debate," attack a new tendency which they say "will result in oppression of the public by suppressing competition, and which will close to thousands of energetic young men who lack great capital the avenues of business which they should find open to them."

The Springfield *Republican*, a conservative paper, commenting on this action, says:

> It is not, of course, a pleasant prospect to the small merchant — this progress of events dragging him in behind the counter as a salaried employe; a little spoke in a big wheel. It is repugnant to the democratic spirit.
>
> But it is no more than what the independent worker has been subjected to in the last 50 years. One by one, and hundreds by hundreds, have been dragged from self-employment over the ruins of an independent business, into the narrow dependency of corporate employment. Meantime the ranks of Socialism grow.
>
> And the end is not yet.

It is not courteous to mislead the reader any longer. The resolution was not directed against the chain store or the modern merger. The convention which passed the resolution was held in 1895, and was directed at the budding department store!

Deep currents of commercial evolution are as irresistible, if not as showy, as the dramatic tides of industrial revolution. To the retailer of 1895 the department store idea was as ominous as the "chain" plan is to the independent of our times. So the men of an earlier day viewed with alarm the Hanseatic League, the East India and Hudson's Bay companies, and the organized merchant adventurers of the 13th and 14th centuries.

Yet against all dire forebodings and dismal prophecies the individual has survived.

Out of the welter of discussion 30 years ago the most accurate statement was: *And the end is not yet.*

Each generation has its dreadful hippogriffs of change. Charles F. Kettering, of General Motors once remarked, "the average man doesn't like change, and the business man hates it a little more than others."

But change is the immutable law. The innovations of one age become the familiar practices of the next. Revision, remodelling, progress everywhere! The inexorable pressure of the new, the fresh, the original! We may defy, we may protest, yet the world does move and the directing force of human activity is forward.

The Christian Science Censor

Excerpts from a series of articles in The Nation (February 5, '30)

Henry Raymond Mussey
Managing Editor of The Nation

THE best-oiled and smoothest-running publicity (and anti-publicity) machine operated in the United States during the 20th century has been that controlled by the Board of Directors of the Mother Church, the First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Massachusetts. It consists of a head publicity man (called the Committee on Publication in Boston) a publicity man (likewise called the Committee on Publication) in each State, with two for California, and local publicity men (each called the Assistant Committee on Publication) in all the cities and towns where there are Christian Science churches. Each committee, be it noted, is an individual. No divided responsibility in Christian Science publicity. Back of these committees stands a little Gideon's band of about 200,000 loyal, enthusiastic, well-disciplined, and well-to-do Christian Scientists, on whom the committees never call in vain.

Acting through these agencies, the directors have reduced unfavorable publicity to almost nothing, at the same time that they have secured columns and pages of free space for their lectures and other means of spreading their gospel. They have persuaded or forced educational authorities to withdraw from use in the public schools textbooks to which they objected, and by discreet representations they have even brought about changes in the books used in universities. They have driven out of public libraries or have had placed on reserved shelves inaccessible to the public books that they did not like. They have employed against publishers and bookstores that handle such books the method of persuasion, followed, if need be, by intimidation, and then local and nation-wide boycott. They have held over newspaper publishers the danger of advertising and other losses until they have reduced large sections of the press to a state of abject subjection. The Christian Science Board of Directors had discovered and exploited to the full the possibilities of publicity and suppression long before such an animal as a public-relations counsel existed. The success of their publicity machine is another tribute to the genius of the extraordinary woman who planned this as well as all other features of

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the Christian Science organization.

Constant dropping wears away the stone. The committees on publication and the loyal members of the Christian Science Church, in whatever nook and corner of the country they may be, are forever on the job. Their zeal, earnestness, and discipline create the impression of large numbers, and consequently bring prompt results in newspaper, radio, and legislative fields. I report largely in the words of the committees on publication themselves, as published in the *Christian Science Sentinel.*

Committees are constantly on the alert to secure the insertion in local newspapers of notices and reports of Christian Science lectures and other news valuable to the church, and to see that there is promptly published a "correction" of any unfavorable publicity of whatever character. Christian Scientists are commonly well-to-do persons with good business connections. The committees therefore can, and do if necessary, bring valuable personal influence and advertising pressure to bear on the newspapers with surprisingly effective results. Such power is ordinarily exercised quietly, and on that account all the more effectively.

A well-known example occurs in Washington, D. C. The District Committee on Publication is part owner of one of the large Washington department stores. Through his advertising power he holds in the hollow of his hand the *Herald* and the *Star*, which Washingtonians read in the morning and evening respectively. Some time ago the business manager of the *Star* told an interested inquirer that anything on the subject of Christian Science was always submitted to this man before publication, and that as his store was among the *Star's* largest advertisers, the paper could not afford to antagonize him. The advertising manager of the *Post* complained that the man concerned was going much too far in putting pressure on that paper through advertising power.

The District Committee on Publication, officially reporting his activities for 1924, says:

> There was also a syndicated article, adverse to Christian Science, which was withheld from publication in one of the local papers upon the request of your committee. The wisdom of Mrs. Eddy in establishing the activity of the Committee on Publication is becoming more apparent each year in a rapidly diminishing desire on the part of newspapers to print any criticism or incorrect statement concerning Mrs. Eddy or Christian Science.

Note correction outrunning error in Michigan in 1927:

> In August a press dispatch which quoted certain misstatements of Mrs. Eddy's teaching was printed in only

one newspaper of this State, while fourteen newspapers printed a subsequent dispatch which quoted the Committee on Publication in reply to the earlier statement.

In 1925 southern California reported:

During the past year a textbook on hygiene, which misrepresented our religion, was excluded from Pasadena Junior College and Santa Barbara Teachers' College.

Two years later northern California reported progress:

Success continues to be experienced in removing from schools textbooks which attack Christian Science. . . .

No publicity machine is complete without its lobby, and the Christian Science lobby's rating is AA1. Admirable work is done both at Washington and at the State capitals. I have a body of material showing something of these extraordinary activities, but I must content myself with a few excerpts from publication-committee reports. Michigan says in 1925:

The deliberations of the State Legislature are looked after with the greatest care. . . . Many measures were presented which contained objectionable features, but all these were either defeated in committee or amended in a way which removed undesirable provisions.

The theater seems to be relatively blameless, yet even here occasional work must be done. Southern California reports in 1927:

A play was lately produced which contained lines that conveyed a wrong impression of Christian Science. Before this play was given a protest was made, and the management agreed to omit the objectionable references.

One could already write a fascinating volume on the effectiveness of Christian Science air censorship. Publication-committee reports in recent years are full of radio references. In January, 1929, a rival or "counterfeit" organization arranged a lecture tour by one of its British adherents, Sir Henry Japp, the distinguished engineer who built the Pennsylvania Railroad's East River tubes. In New York, the sponsoring organization arranged with the Columbia Broadcasting System, through its president, for a 15-minute talk over 20 stations. The contract was signed and a payment was made. As soon as the address was announced, the Columbia system began getting telegrams and letters of protest from all over the country, and they became so numerous that eight out of the twenty stations finally refused to go on with the broadcasting. . . .

I have let the committees on publication tell their own story from their own official reports, so far as those reports are presented to the public. I have given simply a few glimpses of the working of a powerful machine.

Education for Peace

Condensed from Progressive Education (April, '30)

W. B. Curry

Head Master, Oak Lane Country Day School, Philadelphia

MANY causes are assigned for war, such as the natural depravity of human nature, the wickedness of diplomats, economic competition, struggle for raw materials, and so forth. It is clear, however, that most of these causes are operative in regard to other units than national states, e.g., there is economic competition between different states of the American Union, or between the different coal fields of Great Britain, yet no one supposes that this competition is likely to lead to war. I believe that none of the various causes assigned for war would be effective except in the presence of armed, sovereign states, each animated by a desire for power and supported by patriotic populations. I believe, therefore, that no ultimate cure for war is possible, except by a diminution in intensity of the emotions and passions and loyalties which make international anarchy possible.

What can education do to change this state of affairs? In the first place, most history teaching has been faulty from two points of view: its emphasis has been wrong, and it has also been untruthful. The emphasis has been wrong because it has been chiefly upon the more successful military exploits of the particular nation to which the child belonged. It has been untruthful in that events where other nations were concerned have been taught from a biased standpoint with a view to inculcating patriotism. It is clear that if international anarchy is to be done away with, history will have to be taught not as a record of military achievement but as a story of the common adventure of the whole human race. As Mr. Bertrand Russell has expressed it:

> We should keep in our minds, as a guiding thread, the conception of gradual chequered progress, perpetually hampered by the savagery which we inherit from the brutes, and yet gradually leading on towards mastery of ourselves and our environment through knowledge. The conception is that of the human race as a whole, fighting against chaos without and darkness within, the little tiny lamp of reason growing gradually into a great light by which the night is dispelled. The divisions between races, nations, and creeds should be treated as follies, distracting us in the battle against Chaos and Old Night, which is our one truly human activity . . .

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I should not keep silence about wars and persecutions and cruelties, but I should not hold up military conquerors to admiration. The true conquerors, in my teaching of history, would be those who did something to dispel darkness within and without — Buddha and Socrates, Archimedes, Galileo and Newton, and all the men who have helped to give us mastery over ourselves and over nature. And so I should build up the conception of a lordly destiny for the human race, to which we are false when we revert to wars and other atavistic follies, and true only when we put into the world something that adds to our human dominion.

To many of us, one of the most shocking things about the outbreak of the war was the extraordinary enthusiasm which it aroused among the various populations. To a great many people, the possibility of war seemed to offer an escape from the routine of uninteresting work, boring pleasures and unsatisfactory personal relationships. People could hardly welcome war so much if ordinary existence offered more satisfaction to vital impulse than it normally does. It is in this connection that progressive education has an important function to perform. The stress which we place upon the arts and upon creative activity of every kind ought to produce a generation of adults with more interests, more worthwhile hobbies, much less tendency to find life boring, and a more creative outlook upon life.

Now for a few suggestions of a practical nature. All the orthodox methods of inculcating patriotism, such as saluting the flag, ought to be abolished. The worthwhile part of patriotism consists in a sense of responsibility for one's fellows and a willingness to do something to enrich the life of the community to which he belongs. This can only be promoted indirectly at school by creating an environment in which children naturally develop a sense of responsibility by the practice of it and not by means of exhortation. There are innumerable ways in which children at school can take part in the necessary work of the institution and in assisting each other. The conventional method of promoting patriotism is quite vicious since its sole practical result is an increased willingness to go to war.

The natural desire which young children seem to have for hero worship can be satisfied by telling them about those men who have promoted human knowledge and welfare. Explorers and geographers particularly make an appeal to young children: it is important in this connection that the great men whom they are taught to respect should not belong only to their own country.

Another practice which has been found valuable is that of

promoting direct contacts with children of other countries. This can grow naturally out of a project and does not need to be done in any artificial propaganda spirit. Children who are studying Holland, for example, will be quite naturally delighted at the idea of writing to the children of Holland and in receiving replies from them. All this increases the sense of foreigners as other people like ourselves. In many adults this sense seems to be wholly lacking.

The traditional picture of war is both glamorous and false. There is plenty of material available which shows unsentimentally what war really is. It shows that war consists not merely in wearing nice uniforms and marching to stirring tunes, but it consists also in frost-bite, being tormented by lice, and having bits of one's face blown off, and in all kinds of brutalities from which civilized people should recoil with horror. Children cannot form honest opinions about war without knowing these facts and they ought no more to grow up in ignorance of them than to grow up in ignorance of the multiplication table. Hitherto they have had only one side of war presented to them.

Children should also be taught, as part of recent history, what has already been achieved in the way of international coöperation. Most people are ignorant of how much has already been done through arbitration treaties, the Hague Courts, the League of Nations, the International Labor Office, and so forth. The horrors of war by themselves are likely to lead to despair; the fact that much has already been achieved is likely to lead to a sense of future possibilities and to make the children feel that there is still something which they can do.

Lastly, this point: children are likely to form at school a pattern for their subsequent group loyalties, and the loyalty which we take pains to inculcate should be concerned as little as possible with competition with other groups and as much as possible with ways of enriching the life of any group with which we may be associated. In this way, children might naturally, if they are intelligent, come to realize that the patriotism which consists in national bombast and flag waving is merely ridiculous. The proper attitude, when translated to the adult sphere, might lead an American to be proud of America's democratic tradition and industrial progress, a German to be proud of Germany's music and philosophy, an Englishman to be proud of his country's part in promoting liberal political institutions. Such an attitude makes for civilization. The conventional types of group pride make for touchiness and strife.

The Tortures of Week-End Visiting

Condensed from The Golden Book (June, '29)

Robert Benchley

Author of "Of All Things," "Love Conquers All," "Pluck and Luck"

THE title to this might well be, "The Need for a Clearer Definition of Relations between Host and Guest." Who has not wished that his host would come out frankly at the beginning of the visit and state, in no uncertain terms, the rules and preferences of the household in such matters as the breakfast hour? And who has not sounded his guest to find out what he likes in the regulation of his diet and mode of living?

Take the matter of arising in the morning. Of course, where there is a large house-party the problem is a simple one, for you can always hear the others pattering about and brushing their teeth and so can regulate your own arising. But if you are the only guest there is apt to be a frightful misunderstanding.

"At what time is breakfast?" you ask.

"Oh, any old time on Sundays," replies the hostess with a generous gesture. "Sleep as late as you like. This is 'Liberty Hall.'"

This sentiment is perfectly bully, but there is nothing that you can really take hold of in it. It satisfies at the time, but in the morning there is a vagueness about it that is simply terrifying.

Let us say that you awake at eight. You listen and hear no one stirring. Then, over on the cool pillow again until eight-twenty. Again up on the elbow, with head cocked on one side. There is a creak in the direction of the stairs. They may all be up and going down to breakfast! It is but the work of a moment to bound out of bed and listen at the door. Deathlike silence, broken only, as the phrase goes, by the ticking of the hall clock. Probably they are late sleepers. Maybe eleven o'clock is their Sunday rising hour. Some people *are* like that.

Shut the door and sit on the edge of the bed. More sleep is out of the question. Let's take a look at the pictures in the guest-room. Here's a group — taken in 1902 — showing your host in evening clothes, holding a mandolin. Probably a member of his college musical club. Rather unkempt looking bunch, you *must* say.

Back to the door to listen again. Tick-tock-tick-tock. Probably, if you started your tub, you'd wake the whole house. Hello, here are some books on the

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table. *Fifty Famous Sonnets*, illustrated by Maxfield Parrish. Never touch a sonnet before breakfast. *My Experiences in the Alps*, by a woman mountain-climber who has written on the fly-leaf, "To my good friends the Elbridges, in memory of many happy days together at Chamonix." That settles *that*.

It must be nearly noon now! Ten minutes past nine, only! Well, the only thing to do is to get dressed and walk about the grounds. And so, very cautiously, almost clandestinely, you proceed to dress.

And now, just to reverse the process. Suppose you are the host. You have arisen at eight and listened at the guest's door. You have crammed flannel bears into the infant's mouth to keep him from disturbing the sleeper.

"Bill looked tired last night. Better let him sleep a little longer," you whisper to your wife. And so, downstairs on your hands and knees. A bracing walk on the porch, resulting in a terrific appetite.

A glance at the watch shows nine o'clock. Sunday breakfast is usually at eight-thirty. You feel starved. You sneak into the dining-room and steal one of the property oranges from the sideboard, but little Edgar sees you and sets up such a howl that you have to give it to him. Your wife suggests that your friend may have the sleeping-sickness. Weakened by hunger, you hotly resent this, and one word leads to another.

"Oh, very well, I'll go up and rout him out," you snarl. You find that he has been up for some time keeping quiet so as not to disturb you. Then you both lie and eat breakfast.

Such a misunderstanding is apt to go to almost any length. I once knew of a man on a week-end visit who spent an entire Sunday in his room, listening at his door to see if the family were astir, while, in the meantime, the family were, one by one, tip-toeing to his door to see if they could detect any signs of life from him. Each thought the other needed rest.

Don't think, just because I have taken all this space to deal with the rising-hour problem that there are no other points to be made. Oh, not at all. There is, for instance, the question of exercise. After dinner the host says to himself: "Something must be done. I wonder if he likes to walk." Aloud, he says: "Well, Bill, how about a little hike in the country?"

A hike in the country being the last thing in the world Bill wants, he says, "Right-o!" And so, although walking is a tremendous trial to the host, who has weak ankles, he bundles up with a great show of heartiness

and grabs his stick as if this were the one thing he lived for.

After about a mile of hobbling along the road the host says, hopefully: "Don't let me tire you out, old man. Any time you want to turn back, just say the word."

The guest, thinking longingly of the fireside, scoffs at the idea of turning back, insisting that if there is one thing he likes better than walking it is running. So on they jog, each wishing that it would rain so that they could turn about and go home. Here again the thing may go to almost tragic lengths.

I once visited a man who had an outdoor swimming-pool on his estate. (Consider that as very casually said.) It was in April, long before Spring had really understood what was expected of her. My first night there my host said:

"Are you a morning plunger?"

Thinking he referred to a tub plunge in a warm bathroom, I glowed and said: "You bet."

"I'll call for you at seven in the morning, then," he said, "and we'll go out to the pool."

It was evidently his morning custom, and I wasn't going to have it said of me that a middle-aged man could outdo me in virility. So, at seven in the morning, in a dense fog (with now and then a slash of cold rain), we picked our way out to the pool and staged a vivid Siberian moving picture scene, showing naked peasants bathing in the Nevsky. My visit lasted five days, and I afterward learned that my host has chronic joint-trouble as a result of those plunges. "But I couldn't be outdone by a mere stripling," he confided to a friend, "and the boy certainly enjoyed it."

All of this might have been avoided by the posting of a sign in a conspicuous place in my bedroom, reading as follows: "Personally, I dislike swimming in the pool at this time of year. Guests wishing to do so may obtain towels at the desk." How very simple and practical!

The sign system is the only solution I can offer. It is crude and brutal, but it admits of no misunderstanding. A sign in each guest-room, giving the hours of meals, political and religious preferences of the family, general views on exercise, etc., etc., with a blank for the guest to fill out, stating his own views, would make it possible to visit (or entertain) with a sense of security thus far unknown upon our planet.

Towering Problems of the New Decade

Condensed from The New York Times Magazine (April 27, '30)

Sir Philip Gibbs

Noted English journalist and war correspondent

IS it possible to see the outline of the plot which will be written in the pages of world history during the next ten years?

The last decade has been mainly a period of reconstruction after the war. One must admit, I think, that on the whole this business of clearing up the mess, liquidating losses, repairing ruin, and starting afresh with a new balance sheet has been achieved with astonishing success in many countries most stricken by the war. In spite of a low standard of leadership almost everywhere, one sees that the common sense of the masses and the ant-like industry of the human race prevailed over catastrophe.

The leaders who held power in the last decade are rapidly disappearing. Lenin, Clemenceau, Foch, Haig, Stresemann, von Tirpitz, Wilson, and many others have gone. During the next decade the old leaders will be definitely displaced by younger minds. What are they going to do?

As far as I can see, the two main developments of European activity will be to secure a longer period of peace by gradual disarmament and political readjustments, and to prepare for a closer economic union between groups of nations.

Grave economic troubles are overtaking the nations and will reach a crisis during the next decade. Loaded with debt and at the same time raising its general standard of living, Europe is faced with the necessity of selling its goods in greater quantities and finding ever-expanding markets. But those markets fail to expand. On the contrary, they are being restricted by tariffs with which each nation attempts to keep out rival manufacturers while endeavoring to sell its own products to the next door neighbors.

Great Britain is the only open market which the traders of the world can enter with their wares — with the exception of wines, spirits, silks, motor cars and a few other articles — underselling British-made things in almost every line.

Among European economists there is a growing conviction that unless there is an adjustment of these tariff boundaries, and a more scientific arrangement for reducing cut-throat rivalry, a financial collapse may happen.

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This economic necessity is thrusting against the old political divisions. The industrialists of Germany and France are no longer thinking in terms of national hatred. They are groping toward industrial combination. Austria sees that its economic salvation depends upon union with Germany. The peoples of the Danube, divided by artificial barriers of trade, are beginning to think of an economic unity which would restore the free trade of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

England stands outside these European combinations and it is possible that they may be directed against her. That possibility indeed will become a certainty if she abandons free trade and develops an imperial economic unity with high tariffs upon foreign manufactures and foodstuffs. That idea is very much in the air at the moment and has been adopted officially as the Conservative program. From the point of view of Great Britain, heavily pressed by taxation, with a rising tide of unemployment and with her country the dumping ground of cheap goods from all her rivals, there must be a reconsideration of old convictions which no longer work in new conditions.

These ideas will be the main line of thought during the next decade, though the conclusions may not be reached so soon. If they shape out according to the present "blue prints," the world will include three great economic federations: The United States of America, the British Empire, and Continental Europe dominated by an economic alliance between France and Germany with subsidiary groups. There will be another combination, not to be ignored, but still enigmatical — the United Soviet Republics.

This development into greater economic combinations may be thwarted, however, by the intensity of national feeling and lack of scientific leadership. In that case the alternative is clear. There will be a slowing down of world trade. There will be less interchange of exports. Nations will become poorer and the standard of life everywhere will be on a lower scale. The processes of production will be more limited to the needs of single populations enclosed within their tariff walls. There will be a drift from the cities back to the land, where at least the necessities of life may be obtained.

Unemployment will increase among industrial workers, with consequent distress, bitterness and revolt. The next decade may be marked by civil strife until these readjustments have been made; because it is foolish to think that masses of men may be permanently unemployed without a struggle against social condi-

tions of which they are the victims. That is a gloomy and dangerous prospect. My own belief is that the new leadership, waiting behind the chairs that will soon be vacant, will get busy on scientific lines before such a crisis is imminent. I have considerable faith in the realism of the younger crowd.

We have reached a new chapter of history when there is a clear break with the past. The enormous growth of population, the terrific efficiency of machinery, the rapidity of communication, the liberation of labor from its old serfdom, its demand for leisure and luxury unknown to our forefathers have created many problems not unknown before the war, but now intensified. And now the development of the machine has saturated the consuming capacity of the human tribes in present economic conditions.

The political outline of the next decade will be dictated very largely by these considerations. Great Britain will strive for that closer economic union with the self-governing dominions. In Europe the League of Nations will be faced by the pressure of Germany to rectify some of the hardships of the peace treaties. Gradual disarmament will be forced upon France, Italy, and other countries for reasons of economy more powerful than international suspicion. War will be avoided because no one can afford to take the risk, and because the younger crowd are moving away from war mentality.

Even Mussolini is becoming peace-minded in middle age. One of his ambassadors told a friend of mine the other day that Mussolini is the greatest pacifist in Europe! That seems to me a slight exaggeration, but it sounds good. Hungary is a storm center, but the Big Powers will stamp out any flare-up in Southeast Europe. They won't let war happen in the next decade, which is as far as we can see.

In this survey I have left out other powers not to be ignored — spiritual and intellectual forces at work in the modern mind. The next ten years will be a long-drawn fight between the new liberties and the need of discipline; between moral anarchy and Christian ethics; between the old traditions of law and order and this new paganism which is invading modern thought; between some spiritual faith and absolute materialism; between the old values of life and intellectual bolshevism. I am no prophet concerning the outcome. But the next decade will be extremely interesting as a chapter in the history of the great book of life.

The Great Game of Publicity

Condensed from Plain Talk (May, '30)

Wayne Gard

THOUSANDS of Americans were thrilled in September, 1927, by newspaper accounts of the transportation by airplane of Leo, a 350-pound lion, well known to movie fans. The plane left San Diego for New York, but more than 2000 persons who went to Mitchel Field to watch Leo arrive were disappointed. Leo didn't drink the five gallons of milk awaiting him, nor did he enjoy the attention of the five animal trainers who slept at the eastern airport.

For 50 hours the famous lion apparently was lost. At a convenient time, however, the pilot popped up in Arizona with a tale of forced landing. Still more newspaper space was obtained when cowboys brought the hungry Leo a live steer.

Leo's adventures made big news. For more than six days the papers kept the story alive, many of them playing it on front pages. Even the New York *Times* gave Leo five news stories and one editorial.

Soon afterward the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Film Corporation bought space in several motion picture trade journals to advertise to theater managers its enterprise in having "taken in" the gullible newspapers. "Pardon me while I laugh," was the headline over one of these advertisements. Another claimed that the publicity "reached more readers than the combined national advertising of all companies for five years."

Individual movie stars are as eager as their employers to grab space. What Hollywood actress hasn't denied that she was engaged to Lindbergh? This denying of marriage plans had become so common in 1928 that Will Rogers was led to remark in New York:

> Our clever little movie star, Bebe Daniels, doesn't overlook many sporting events. On the eve of the international polo games here she has just denied that she is to marry Tommy Hitchcock. Just before the tennis match she denied an engagement to Tilden, and during the Olympics she publicly denied betrothal to Charley Paddock. I hope that on November 6 she will have the good judgment to refuse both Smith and Hoover.

The editor of a small paper in Arkansas recently noticed that publicity sheets which reached him in a single morning's mail

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carried $3.64 in postage. This was, he said, an average day, implying that $1328 a year was wasted just in postage on material which automatically went into his waste basket alone. Add the cost of paper and envelopes and the salaries of writers, and multiply by the number of newspapers in the United States, and it will readily be seen that the publicity industry is enormous.

A New Jersey paper which, for novelty, made up an entire issue from publicity items found that many readers didn't detect anything unusual in this special edition. Indeed, after checking up on some of the larger city papers, editors and publicity men have estimated that from half to two-thirds of the stories emanated either directly or indirectly from publicity sources.

Often ingenious methods are used to disguise publicity matter; many examples have been reproduced in the *Editor and Publisher*. Here, for instance, is a story from the "American Housewife's Bureau" in New York. The picture shows a smiling family gathered for a Christmas dinner. Under the heading, "Make Your Christmas Dinner Colorful," advice is given for decorations and menu. Only the most careful reader would notice that in the description of the ideal Christmas dinner the word "pineapple" is used ten times.

The manufacturers of Celotex, a building material, have offered newspaper pictures headed "Echo Haunting Church for 28 Years Banished by Science" and have sent out architectural plans for homes. In each of these plans Celotex is specified, but is spelled with a lower case "c".

Likewise, Super Suds became "supersuds" in a story which Harry Klemfuss, a New York press agent, hiding behind the title of "National Patriotic League," sent out about a proposal to wash the Statue of Liberty.

New stunts are evolved every week by those who want to get newspaper space without paying for it. In Baltimore recently an Egyptian performer in a menagerie show applied for a license to marry the ashes of a dead fiancée. He presented some ashes in an urn, explaining that his betrothed had died before the ceremony could take place. Although the request was refused, the afternoon papers published the story. And even though the morning papers revealed that the ashes were from burnt wood and that the Egyptian had a wife living with him, his show was crowded that afternoon.

While the ham actor and the movie performer often have little dignity to lose, there were some who questioned the good taste of Sir Thomas Lipton in allowing a

press agent to lure him to New England where he placed a wreath upon the tomb of David Kennison. Under a three-column picture appeared this caption: "No wonder he smiles! Sir Thomas Lipton, one of the world's greatest tea merchants, has just placed a wreath on the grave of the last survivor of the Boston Tea Party."

Publicity writing pays better than ordinary newspaper work, and thus attracts many an excellent newspaperman. Often, however, he is unable to return to journalism (if he wants to); his new profession has destroyed the faith of prospective employers in his ability to write without bias. This distrust of anything written by a publicity man was illustrated when Mr. Ivy Lee, after a visit in Russia, wrote a book on that country. His book received relatively scant attention. Instead of pondering its contents, readers tried to guess who had paid Lee for writing it.

The campaigns of many business firms to get their products puffed in the news columns have led editors to become extremely wary about mentioning trade names even in legitimate news stories. Often a newspaper will mention "an automobile of inexpensive make," and Earnest Elmo Calkins pointed out that in the story of a sky-writer who made "an unlucky strike" and landed in a tree the papers stated merely that "he was engaged in advertising a cigarette." On the other hand after a character in a certain magazine story had bought a ring from Tiffany's a competing jeweler offered the editor $1000 to have the next fiction hero patronize his store.

The greatest danger in the publicity barrage lies in its availability in spreading propaganda. In campaigning against public ownership of utilities, the regional publicity men of the power interests were able to grab an amazing amount of newspaper space. One of these men boasted that in a single year he obtained $80,000 worth of free space in Iowa newspapers. Another had placed five pages of utility news and one page of editorials in New York papers in one month. A Missouri propagandist spent money entertaining editors: "Some of them enjoy a little drink. All of them are 'God's fools,' grateful for the smallest service or courtesy."

One does not have to be an advocate of public ownership of utilities to recognize the danger in such propaganda. When biased articles and even editorials can get into the newspapers, the dependability of the press is seriously injured. Happily, newspaper writers and editors are increasingly awake and vigilant in keeping biased material out of their columns.

Empty Hours

Condensed from The Delineator (May, '30)

William Lyon Phelps
Professor of English Literature at Yale University

ALTHOUGH regular work is man's greatest blessing — for the worst material misfortune of life is to be out of work — we really know nothing of the personality of individuals during their working hours, any more than we can understand their abilities and ideals when they are asleep. For during the majority of working hours, the inner man is asleep.

If you enter a factory and see a vast room filled with busy men clad in overalls, you cannot even guess at the real nature of each individual. If you enter a bank, and see the white collar brigade deeply engaged in neat penmanship, you might for a moment imagine from the similarity of their tasks that they resemble one another; but of course you know the facts are quite otherwise. If you wish to know anything concerning the personality or inner nature of these persons, you must see them outside of office hours.

The moment the day's work is over and the worker is free, where does he go? What is his conception of a good time? What use does he make of his leisure? For, except in the rare instances of creative work, it is leisure alone that reveals or betrays the man.

I will go further. The use of leisure eventually determines the fate of an entire community, or of an entire nation. The Roman Empire was destroyed, first, by too much leisure, second, by the wrong use of it. In the United States nearly everybody works; and it often happens that the richest individuals work the hardest. Almost any wealthy young man would be somewhat ashamed to admit that he had no occupation, that he was doing nothing. Perhaps we carry this social requirement too far; but at all events it is better than general idleness.

It is dangerous to make prophecies, for in history it is so often the unexpected that happens. But the signs of the times seem certainly to indicate the coming of more leisure. Factory hours used to be ten or twelve hours a day. Now the average working day is eight hours; and it is highly probable that during the next decade the average work day will be six hours, with Saturday and Sunday entirely free. If, by education and increase of refine-

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ment, American men and women will make a profitable use of this leisure, the coming generations will be more civilized and more happy than at any previous period in history.

The real business of life is Life. Food, clothing and shelter are not life — they are the means of life. With many laborers the daily work is not life: it is once more the means of life. Men and women live in their minds. If leisure means laziness, if leisure means only bodily pleasures, if leisure means only attendance at games and sentimental motion pictures, the mind stagnates.

The radio may be a means of education and of elevation, or it may be destructive to the intelligence of its owner and a cause of insanity to his neighbors. Do you listen to Walter Damrosch or to slush?

The motion pictures, well chosen, may be a source of delight and instruction combined; but the motion picture *habit* is a bad habit. The automobile is a servant more efficient than the genii in the Arabian Nights; but it can also accelerate the already too swift pace down the primrose path that leads to the everlasting bonfire.

Fortunately there is an almost universal desire for education; and people are beginning to see that true education is neither easy nor swift, but means resolute application of mental energy over a long period of time. The public libraries are an enormous factor in modern civilization.

It is often said that every person should have a hobby. I say that every person should have some definite avocation, the mastery of *something*, whether it be the tools of a carpenter or the language of a foreign country. It is astounding what some men accomplish in their leisure. John Stuart Mill was a clerk in the East India Office. He became one of the world's leading authorities on political economy.

Not every person in the world can become such a personage. But every person can become a personalty. The happiest people are those who think the most interesting thoughts. Interesting thoughts can live only in cultivated minds. Those who decide to use leisure as a means of mental development, who love good music, good books, good pictures, good plays at the theater, good company, good conversation — what are they? They are the happiest people in the world; they are not only happy in themselves, they are the cause of happiness in others.

Revolt Among Missing Men

Condensed from The Review of Reviews (February, '30)

Howard McLellan
Newspaper man and crime specialist

WHEN three convicts were killed and six wounded in an attempt to destroy Dannemora, the "American Siberia," it was generally believed that they were protesting against the isolation which made it impossible for them ever to see friends. This attempt occurred on July 22, 1929.

Six weeks later three convicts were slain and four escaped from New York's 112-year-old prison in Auburn, N. Y., after firing the factory buildings. Poor food and overcrowding were given as the motive for the outbreak.

Scarcely a week later convicts at Leavenworth, Kansas, tried to shoot their way to freedom. The leader of the mutiny was killed, and three of his mates were wounded. Too much spaghetti on the prison menu was given as the chief cause for the outbreak. Before this same week ended two convicts were killed trying to lead a mutiny in the State Prison at Lansing, Kansas. Poor food was again given as the cause.

Along the prison front comparative quiet reigned until October 3, when 600 convicts revolted in the State Prison at Canon City, Colorado. Eight guards were killed and their bodies cast out from the windows of an upper cell as a warning to the guards below. Five of the convict rioters destroyed themselves when the plot failed. The cause was given as general unrest.

Then again the volcano at Auburn gushed forth death, disaster, and terror. The revolt was put down by state troopers with machine guns. The casualties were nine dead, including the principal keeper and eight convicts.

Freedom, of course, was what the men sought who participated in the 1929 chain of outbreaks, although the motive widely ascribed was protest against poor food, overcrowding, privileges to the few, and the harsh provision of the Baumes Law which sends a New York felon to prison for the rest of his life upon conviction for a fourth felony. Three prison riots in New York seemed to many to indicate that the protest was mainly against the Baumes Law, which filled prisoners with a desperate hopelessness. Yet only a few of the rioters in New York were victims of this law; and there were no such laws in effect in the prisons of Kansas,

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Colorado, and six other prisons where minor outbreaks occurred.

Improper prison conditions always have been ascribed as causes for prison outbreaks. Yet there may be other more significant causes arising out of changed conditions in the world outside the prisons. To say that the desperate men who participated in the revolts were doing so to attract public attention to the insufferable conditions in prisons is to accuse the seasoned criminal of motives which border upon the altruistic, a charge to which they will not openly or covertly plead guilty.

Criminals of this type have been in and out of prisons through most of their youth and manhood. On the outside they sleep in box-cars, trucks, speakeasies, and stables in daily fear of the law and death. They pick up food on the run in what the underworld calls "grease spots," where the fare is even worse than that in prisons. They are inured to convict life before they reach prison. And not one of the participants in these outbreaks was a first termer. What, then, was so particularly alluring about *getting outside* of prison to rouse these seasoned veterans of crime to maniacal outbreaks?

The picture just outside American prisons was as attractive to these lawless men as the Klondike was to the hordes of men who staked their lives on getting to the gold country. The underworld outside of prisons in 1929 approached the lure of a Golconda. The desperate, professional criminal wanted to get outside the bars so that he could "clean up."

Perhaps the best picture of the working of the criminal mind in prison, and the effect of the alluring conditions on the outside, will be furnished by the story of an ex-inmate who was present before and after one of the 1929 revolts. He is a college-trained man upon whom prison confinement has had the effect society intended.

"Conditions outside prison are proving more and more attractive to the criminal," he said. "For instance you read that in 12 months 7000 hold-ups were committed in four states, netting their perpetrators the magnificent sum of $22,000,000. Only 12 percent of the robbers were apprehended, and less than 2 percent of these were convicted. It would appear that men who steal large sums get away with it.

"In St. Louis 84 percent of murderers are not captured, and in Chicago the chances are 16 to 1 that a murderer will not be captured. The criminal is aware that an underworld that can stand seven men up against the wall of a garage and massacre them in seven minutes without

anyone being caught, must be in a dominant position.

"He hears about judges and prosecutors who are deeply involved in grave scandals affecting their official integrity. He figures that the first move for him when he gets out, is to connect with a political machine that is in alliance with the underworld.

"The professional criminal in prison figures he's missing his big chance. Things in his world are better outside than ever. He longs to get out *now* and reap his share of the harvest while it's good. He needs guns and knives to make the break.

"People wonder where they come from in a walled place. One of the simplest things in prison is to get a weapon. No one knows, feels, and rebels against prison rottenness more than the underpaid guards. They grow lax or corrupt and guns or knives get in. The weapons come in packages, are brought in by visitors, or are thrown over the walls. Soon an arsenal is ready. The plot is hatched.

"The saddest part is that after a prison revolt the ones who suffer most and suffer unjustly are the men trying hardest to pay the price of their wrongdoing so that they may go back into society and face life anew, determined to live as honest men.

"I happened to be one of this class. And it is in their behalf that one immediate improvement is needed in prisons. This is the segregation of desperate and ungovernable men from those who are trying to accept their punishment. Four years in prison convinced me of two main classes of inmates, the redeemable and the unregenerate."

The message of Governor Franklin Roosevelt to the New York State Legislature is enlightening in this connection. At the opening of the Legislature in January, Governor Roosevelt recommended above all other steps the establishment of a segregation prison.

There are two vital links in the chain which forms our system for administering justice. Law enforcement is one, and prisons where the mandate of the law is carried out is the other. If both are weak the chain is worthless. There are signs that law observance and law enforcement in the outside world are receiving national government attention, and that at last something will be done about the prisons. Unless fruit is born of both movements — well, other volcanos are smoldering and await the pressure of forces that made 1929 a black year in American prison history.

Is There an Old Maid Today?

Condensed from Vogue (April 26, '30)

Margaret Culkin Banning
Author of "The Women of the Family," "Pressure," etc.

WHOEVER first took the lovely word "maid" and turned it into an absurd phrase by prefixing it with "old," knew something about psychology. He knew that an old maid was slightly abnormal, that she had overstayed her time in one period of development.

To be a young maid is to be in the most tempting and romantic state possible to a woman. But it is an exceedingly fluid one. It was never meant to be set in a mould. Rodin is quoted as saying that true feminine youth, at its perfection, when the body seems at the same time to fear and call to love, often lasts only a few months. He was speaking, of course, from the sculptor's point of view, but we can follow the thought along. The period when a maiden is at her best is bound to be brief. It is a time of hesitation, of choosing, of waiting. But there is always something fundamentally ridiculous about waiting too long. Prolonged hesitation is bound to turn into comedy. While the old maid hesitates, life passes her by, and she remains undeveloped.

The number of old maids has been amazingly thinned out in the last quarter of a century. Not because more women are marrying, but because more women have become able to develop the best that is in them without marrying. They have learned that their maturity is their own personal job and not necessarily that of some man.

The economic independence of women is, as every one knows, partly responsible. Independent minds are still more responsible. And there is also the not-to-be-neglected discovery which women have made that beauty and good clothes and fine skins are not only for débutantes or coquettes or wives trying to hold their husbands, but that looking well has a certain intrinsic value for the entire sex. Most important of all is the fact that women have begun to enjoy the fulness of flavor in grown-up living. But there are those who always find it a little too ripe for their taste, and those, married or single, are the old maids.

In spite of their clothes and jobs and husbands, there are certain signs which make them easily recognizable. There is their passion for order and insistence on seemliness, in a world which

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is continually disorderly and often unseemly. There is also their prudishness, which is a kind of modesty gone stale. And in the third and most important place, there is the loneliness which is always one of the inevitable characteristics of the old maid's temperament. It does not matter how many people may be around her. She may be the center of a large family. But if she is an old maid at heart, she is apart from every one.

Good housewives are orderly without being fretful, and some of the most delightful women in the world are those bad housewives who can make even disorder charming. Neither group takes order too seriously or allows things or possessions to become more important than the persons about them. But the old maid suffers from any displacement of things.

This is again perhaps a survival of something that was rather charming in a young girl. At a certain age, the girl expects the world to be her personal setting, and for just a little while the world is indulgent to her delusions. But for the old maid in whom the belief has survived, there is not so much tolerance. What was daintiness in the girl turns to absurdity in the old maid.

Modesty in youth is as beautiful as any budding thing always is. But a dried bud is both pitiful and unattractive, and the old maid's prudishness is just that. She becomes a tiresome companion. She is one of those people for whom conversations have to be carefully expurgated. There is never any necessity for uncleanness of speech or cheapness of allusion. But it is irritating to have to prune and shear and cover up human facts in the presence of people who are old enough to know and ought to be glad to know what goes on in the world. Delicacy is always proper; but prudishness is always on the verge of being improper. And you can tell an old maid by the conversational shadow she casts.

Marriage is no cure here either. It will not necessarily cure an old maid of prudishness, though married women usually are so forced to face life that a good deal of nonsense is shaken out of them and a good deal of tolerance shaken in. But there are married women in whom the point of view of the old maid does persist. It seems as if, in spite of husbands and children, there are some women who never grow up to their sex, to the exercise of its mature charm, or the acceptance of its functions. There are two lots of them. The one lot is always expecting a perpetual honeymoon. The other lot came home from their wedding trips a little shamefaced and

stayed that way. They are cruel-spoken, ungenerous, always conscious of their sex. They never take it easily, in their stride, as the mature woman learns to do. They are old maids to the end.

So they are silly and annoying. Intimacies are impossible to them, and so they are very pitiable. For people were not made to live alone; nor is it necessary for unmarried women to live alone. They have friends, they have a man or woman or growing child who keeps their affections alive and healthy, or they have an easy companionship with every one within their reach, or a vital love for the work they do. It is these things and not a common dwelling which dispel loneliness, and marriage cannot solve the problem of the secret, lonely, old maids of the world.

Queen Elizabeth, in the midst of all her romances and courtiers, was probably an old maid. Emily Brontë, in her lonely parsonage at Haworth, wrote *Wuthering Heights* and proved that she was not. You can pick them out like that, here and there.

Dress up the old maid as you will, raise her salary, marry her off, and she remains an old maid still, never a full participant in life, always a little more or less backward in development. Perhaps, if we knew what causes her to be so, we could change it at the source. But causes are always more difficult to be sure of than effects.

I really think that many old maids are born that way. Some queer mixture of heredity seems to be responsible for the inhibitions that are never quite shaken off. But environment has to take its share of the responsibility for them, too. A stilted adolescence, a few unwise sex repressions, a neglected girl who is allowed to believe that she has no charm, a spoiled one who believes that she has too much, and you have the makings of old maids.

The number of them could certainly be thinned out if no woman brought old maidhood on herself. For selfishness will turn the trick more quickly than any other cause, and often does. Too close concentration on herself, unwillingness to share life because sharing it may mean messing it up a little, lays the blame at many an old maid's door. There is not enough willingness to give and take in them, and yet generosity is a habit and taste that can be acquired, and surely it is worth the attainment. For generosity of outlook and action is an almost sure cure for old maidism.

London's Giant Treasure Trove

Condensed from Travel (May, '30)

J. B. Priestley

THE open market off the Caledonian road in London fosters the kindliest romantic illusions. It does this by patching together, every Tuesday and Friday, the last shreds of self-respect in broken men. You are, we will say, nearly 60 years of age and in a wretched state of health. It is ten years since you were sacked from your last little regular job. You have a bent back, flat feet, no teeth, and a wheezing voice. If your son (who drives a bus) and your brother (who keeps the fried fish shop in Hoxton) did not slip you a little something, and your daughter occasionally share her dole with you, no doubt you could not exist outside the workhouse.

Nevertheless, you are no mere beggar. You have a little business of your own. You are in the second-hand, the buying and selling line. You are a trader in the Caledonian Market. Out of your dilapidated suitcase you produce certain articles — perhaps a dirty cushion, two egg-cups, an underskirt, the Letters of Charles Kingsley, and a broken alarm clock — and these you offer to the public. There you stand from ten to four, exchanging remarks about the weather and the state of trade with your fellow merchants, and even though nobody ever buys anything from you, the fact remains that you are in business. Dignity returns to you.

That is why most of these unshaven and toothless traders, whose shop is a piece of brown paper and whose stock is nothing but the siftings of the rubbish heap, do not make any of those shameless appeals to the passerby so characteristic of the traders in other open markets.

It is now some years since I saw what has always seemed to be the queerest stock in trade of any merchant, even for Caledonian Market. He was a tall, shambling melancholy fellow, a vague ruin of a man, and he stood beside an immense map, about six feet square. He had nothing else for sale but this map. It was not recent enough to be of any service, this map, and not old enough to be of any interest. Even though this world is crowded with people mad enough to buy anything, you could not imagine that anybody would ever buy that map. There was nothing in the attitude of the owner to suggest that he himself dissented from this opinion. He

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was obviously a man who did not believe in miracles, but nevertheless was waiting for one to happen. Yes, the map was of Ireland.

The last time I was there I noticed a number of cards in a basket. At first these cards looked as if they were crowded with bone buttons, but as there seemed to be something peculiar about these buttons I bent down to examine. They were false teeth. In the Caledonian Market you can now buy false teeth by the card, and it is high time most of the stall-holders tried a few.

But the favorite merchandise is still the rubber heel. You pass thousands and thousands of rubber heels, though nobody ever appears to buy any. But then, who would buy one of those old-fashioned frilly parasols, especially when they are very dirty and full of holes?

Yet a man there, the other day, was putting up one parasol after another, and was so convinced that he had struck a good line that he was shouting at the top of his voice: "Oo, muvver, look what I got!" Only a few yards away, a man who looked like a kind of obscene bird — for he had an enormous beak of a nose and a round glaring glass eye — was saying "Perfect! Perfect!" For a minute or two I could not understand what he was talking about — for the glass eye was misleading — but then I saw that he was referring to the ugliest wash-hand stand I had ever seen. It had a pink marble top — with a place for a mirror, but no mirror — and was made of greeny-yellow deal. Behind was a card that said "Free Delivery Within Reason."

As I was leaving the market I saw the only thing I wanted to buy there. The reason why I did not buy it was simply that it was too big. It was a very large framed certificate, with crossed English and American flags at the top; and this is what it announced to the world: "Anglo-American School of Embalming. Diploma. The O. K. Buckhout Chemical Company, Ltd., Kalamazoo, Michigan, U. S. A., and London, England, hereby certifies that Arthur Sherry of London has attended a series of Lectures and Demonstrations and has under the instructions of Professor Renovard become thoroughly familiar with the science of Embalming."

Well, if the worst comes to the worst — as it may have done with Arthur Sherry and even O. K. Buckhout — we can always put some odds and ends in the last of our suitcases, and set up as traders in the Caledonia Market.

Are Parents Bad for Children?

Condensed from The Parents' Magazine (May, '30)

Bertrand Russell

Author of "Marriage and Morals," "Education and the Good Life," etc.

FEW things are more surprising than the change which has come over parents in the present generation. Ever since the dawn of history parents had taken the view that children owed them gratitude for bringing them into the world. It was the duty of children to love their parents. It was thought that mothers loved their children better than anything else in the world, and knew by instinct exactly how to handle them. If children behaved badly, that was due to natural depravity, not to bad handling.

The outlook of the modern parent is, in almost all ways, the antithesis of this. Many moderns consider existence a doubtful boon, and are inclined to apologize to their children for having inflicted upon them the miseries of life. They are aware that to have the company of their children all day and every day is by no means unmitigated bliss. As soon as their children show any natural affection for them, they suspect an Oedipus complex. So far from imagining themselves equipped by instinct to deal with their children, they read great books about all the mistakes they are likely to make, until they become so terrified that they dare hardly breathe in their children's presence, and are tempted to leave the job to "experts," i.e., to people who have read more of the great books in question. Consequently children have ceased to be a pleasure to their parents, with the result that the number of children per marriage is continually diminishing.

Freud it was who first terrified parents with the idea that there is something sinful, dark, and disastrous in the affection of children for their parents. Watson, who disagrees with Freud about almost everything, nevertheless agrees with him about this; he apparently considers it a very unwise decree of nature that children have to have mothers, but hopes that the State will soon improve on nature's plan in this respect.

A child might, of course, grow fond of his nurse, which would be almost equally terrible, so the nurse must be frequently changed. It is thought that in the end the child will acquire the ruthlessness which is needed to make him a captain of industry.

My own belief is that this point of view is profoundly and radically mistaken. There is a psy-

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chological thesis to the effect that all affection is sexual, and an ethical thesis to the effect that all affection containing a sexual element is undesirable unless it can lead to a full sexual union. I do not accept either of these theses, but it is the first, especially, that I wish to controvert. Of course, the affection of parents for children and of children for parents is, in part, physical. Affectionate parents like to hug and kiss their children, and children, especially when they are very young, like the warmth of their mothers' bodies and the feeling of safety that they derive from close proximity. But to call these feelings sexual is to obliterate very important distinctions. The satisfaction which very young infants derive from their mothers is a combination of those that we derive in adult life from hot water bottles and policemen. The feelings of parents towards children are, of course, more complex. And I do not deny that in some parents there is a sexual element in these feelings. But such cases are not normal: they are the warped and diseased reactions of people maimed by unfortunate circumstances.

A physical affection between mother and child is actually necessary to the child's proper development. It is good for the child that someone loves him specially; this makes him feel safe and therefore adventurous. Unloved children are timid and apt to be thin; they tend to be filled with a kind of anger against the world, making them prone to irrational rages and rebellions; they may take to kleptomania, or seek to secure notice by sleep-walking. Watson, in his theory of education, knows how to teach a child to love a woolly rabbit, but for some reason he draws the line at loving persons. Yet the habit of affectionate and friendly reactions to persons is one of the most valuable of habits, and it is not easily learned if all the physical contacts are viewed with suspicion. Not only so, but the mother who has taught herself never to hug her children will find her affection for them inhibited; it will become awkward, angular and shy, so that the children themselves will no longer be instinctively aware of it. When they see other children whose mothers treat them more naturally, they will be filled with envy, and this may go so deep as to make them grow up enemies of society. For all these reasons, I deprecate the onslaught of modern theorists on parental affection.

I do think, however, that it is easy for children to have too much of their parents. Children need the companionship of other children more and more as the years go by. They ought, therefore, to be part of the day at school. In

the modern small family it is very difficult for parents not to give too much attention to their children. Constant attention overstimulates a child and makes him too much dependent upon praise. And unless parents are exceptionally placid, their anxieties are apt to make the children timid in play, or exasperated owing to constant interference.

To be a wise parent is undoubtedly difficult. I can think of five principal causes of parental failure. First, lack of love for the child: this is far commoner than is thought and produces the kind of bad effects that we have already considered. Second, possessive love, which is really due to the intrusion of the sexual element. Third, over-stimulation: this is a very common modern fault in dealing with children; it may arise through the wish to give them too many pleasures, especially pleasures of a passive kind, such as the theater and the cinema, or again it may arise through giving them too many opportunities to show off, or allowing them to be present too frequently at grown-up conversation which they have difficulty in understanding. Fourth, too much repression: this was almost universal in former days, but is now much less common; it still occurs, however, where either parent is nervous or delicate and where good manners are too much insisted upon. Fifth, domestic discord between father and mother: this produces all kinds of bad nervous effects in children, and where parents cannot avoid displaying it the children should be at home as little as possible. I think perhaps one ought to add a sixth cause of parental failure, which is indeed the one that at the moment I am trying to prevent, and that is, diffidence as to one's capacities. Parents should inspire children with confidence as to their competence. Often it is better to do the wrong thing confidently than the right thing diffidently.

If your feeling toward your children has the right quality, your psychological handling of them is not likely to be amiss. But if your feeling has not the right quality no amount of knowledge will enable you to handle the child rightly. If you have the misfortune to have a child whom you cannot love physically and instinctively, you will do well to hand him over as far as you can to others who will love him. But if you love your children parentally, not possessively — that is to say, not for what they give you in the way of responses, but for what you hope they may become — do not mistrust your affection or let the theorists fill you with doubt and fear.

The Steel Mills Today

Condensed from The New Republic (March 12, '30)

E. M. Hartl and E. G. Ernst

The authors have made a personal investigation covering a very large percentage of all important steel mills in the United States

Note: This is the second of two articles in "The New Republic." The first deals with working schedules — some 50 percent of workers in the steel industry have to work 10 hours or more a day.

THERE is no industry but steel, probably, where so many men are required, by the very nature of their work, to support conditions so closely approaching the fundamentalist idea of hell. Here, those things which in other shops can aggravate the worker are magnified to an inhuman intensity. Here the lifting is heavier, the handling more dangerous. Here the roar of machinery is more deafening, nerve-shaking, and here its din goes on endlessly, night and day, with a more insane persistence. Here, above all, is the heat, the fierce, intolerable, furnace-heat of making steel. All this is inescapable. It is a part of steel.

The work is filled with the danger of accident — danger which a callous foreman or a careless management can increase tremendously. Burns, cuts, smashed fingers, amputated members, occur with appalling frequency. And always there are departments where, even if no disabling accident occurs, the constant heat, the sudden flurries of live flame, soon make a slow disfigurement. Standing at the plant gates it is easy to pick out the hot-mill men as they pass. Their eyes squint; their faces have a crusted, leathery look. The heat bakes the skin until in time it takes on the texture of scar-tissue.

Well, what of it? asks the mill operator. That is the way steel is made — melted in furnaces, blasted, shaped under heavy hammers. Must we do away with the metal — build houses of wood and rope, give up our cars, locomotives, steel ships? This is, of course, the argument to absurdity, but it is one often offered by the operatives. They simply refuse to admit that steel can be made without imposing conditions of almost bestial slavery upon the workers.

It is the argument they advanced in 1919 and again in 1923 to oppose any change in the 12-hour day and 7-day week. We have shown in our previous article how, mostly in spite of themselves, they have made some improvement in those working schedules. Let us see now how they

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safeguard their workers financially, and how much they pay them.

Of the 176 plants covered in our survey, only 43 are using a pension system. Practically all of these are members of the United States Steel Corporation, the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, and the Wheeling Steel Corporation. Remove these three great organizations from the list, and you have removed practically all the pensions in the steel industry. Among those which do pension the workers, the system closely resembles that of the United States Steel Corporation, where a man is placed on a pension at 65, provided he has served a minimum of 20 years.

There were, we found, more than 100 plants carrying some kind of group insurance. These vary, some being controlled completely or in part by the company, others entirely by the workers. The Allegheny Steel Company has one of the fairest systems of group insurance. The policy premiums are paid entirely by the company, and are arranged to increase in value with longer service. Thus, after six years in the company's service, it is possible for a man to carry insurance totaling $4000, on which he pays a premium of only $.85 a month.

The majority of the companies which have group insurance, however, require that the entire premium be paid by the employe. The usual premium paid by the worker is $1 a month on a $1000 policy. When sick benefit is added, the rate is about $1.50 per month.

On the whole, these systems of group insurance, wherever adopted, are a great protection to the worker and his family. The need of some such provision, against accident, death or old age, is obvious, the more so because practically all companies, whether they admit it or not, have adopted rigid age limits for the hiring of their men.

And now we come to the question of wages.

In the steel industry, as in any other, there are many workers — technical men, skilled workers — whose wages are high and whose working conditions are excellent. In steel, however, the percentage of common labor is overwhelmingly high.

We found that, taking the country as a whole, the rate paid for common labor in the steel industry varies from $.24 to $.50 an hour, with lower rates prevailing in the South. There is a reason for this.

The whole problem of conditions in the steel mills is bound up with another problem — the exploitation of the Negro. Production methods nowadays are so uniform, transportation so cheap and rapid, that plants all

over the country find themselves competing in the same markets. Thus, in the struggle to keep prices down to an equal level, wages are also kept down by the fact that in certain sections cheap labor is plentiful.

Plants in the South depend on the Negro for common labor, and they exploit him mercilessly. He is worked 10 hours, 12 hours a day, 7 days a week. White foremen — "bulldog bosses" — ride him constantly. He is not contented, naturally, but once caught in this grinding life, there is no escape for him.

One family we came to know is typical. They lived in a two-room cottage. There were ten children: four of them were without shoes; none had clothing decent enough to be seen in public. Their meals consisted of "white meat" and dry bread — and by "white meat" they mean pork fat. Once a week they have dessert with their supper. Once a year, on Christmas, they celebrate and have some fruit. Amusements are out of the question; the father hardly knew what a movie was: at night he had no life in him, all he wanted was to sleep.He got about $3 a day for 12 hours' work.

As one moves northward, wages go consistently higher, but there is no doubt that they can never be raised to a decent level so long as the oppression of the Negro in the southern mills continues. In Maryland, eastern Pennsylvania and Ohio, wages are about $.37 an hour. In Chicago the rate is around $.45.

It is needless to moralize over this. The facts alone are enough. If a miracle were to happen: if the hours of labor were cut to 48 hours a week, if wages were raised to $1 an hour and if steady work were to be assured, most of us would still dodge the steel industry: the heat, the grime, the noise, the heart-breaking nature of the work would drive us away. Yet here we find, as the result of an actual survey covering over 300,000 workers, more than 150,000 men working ten hours or more a day, more than 77,000 working seven days a week. We find common labor paid a maximum of $.50, and a minimum of $.24 an hour. We find them living in poverty; we find most of them working in one of the most dangerous occupations, with only the sparsest of provision made against the burns that may maim them, the accidents that may kill them . . . Such is the disheartening picture of life in the American steel mills today.

How the News Grew

Condensed from The New Freeman (April 5, '30)

J. B. S. Hardman

THOSE who watched the Communist demonstration in Union Square on March 6, may be interested in knowing how the events of that day were recorded in the *Rote Fahne*, the official daily of the Communist Party of Germany. The number of participants in the demonstration, properly speaking — in the open-air mass meeting, held under a police permit — was estimated by the New York *Times* as consisting of 2000 Communist "shock troops," and of another 35,000 onlookers attracted to Union Square by the police-made publicity. The *Herald Tribune* set the total at 40,000, with an allotment of active Communist demonstrators similar to that of the New York *Times*. The *World* estimate agrees with that of the *Times*. The *Daily Worker*, official organ of the Communist Party in New York, probably proceeding from the generally correct premise that bourgeois papers are wont to tell only a part of the truth, adds up these three estimates in order to get at the whole truth. By this device, arithmetically invulnerable, the Communist organ arrives at a truly grand total of 110,000, (35,000+40,000+35,000=110,000) and to "make it unanimous" all the 110,000 are classed as unemployed workers who have accepted the Communist leadership. However, the *Rote Fahne* goes *ein klein bisschen* further. The report in that paper, published under the heading: "*Never Before Has New York Lived Through Such Battle*," reads in part as follows:

NEW YORK, March 7. The day of March 6, in the United States has exceeded the most daring expectations. The dollar press is scared stiff: 'Never before have such things happened in America.'

About half a million workers participated in the demonstration in New York. Over 120,000 workers marched in close ranks. Hundreds of thousands filled Union Square. An hour before the time set for the demonstration the gigantic Square was occupied by 100,000 demonstrators, as estimated by the bourgeois press. The words of the Communist speakers were met with enthusiastic approval and drowned in the tones of the *Internationale* sung by hundreds of thousands.

After the mass meeting, the masses of workers in powerfully closed ranks marched, completely unmindful of the ban of the police authorities, toward the City Hall. The front ranks of the police cadres were broken at

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once. Undaunted, the masses rolled forward and onward.

In front of the City Hall the demonstrators were met by an army of 25,000 police, in full fighting military array. The demonstrators would not budge. As the police opened fire from machine-guns in the streets and from the roofs, an embittered man-to-man fight ensued and lasted late into the evening. The New York Police Commissioner, personally in charge of the massacre, was surrounded by the demonstrators and beaten till he bled. With great difficulty a shock regiment of police saved him. The bourgeois press asserts: 'Never before has New York lived through such a battle.'

This reportorial chef-d'oeuvre of the central organ of the German Communist Party is topped by an editorial summary of the American revolution:

The events of March 6, in the United States, are the most colossal revelation of the day. For the first time, in the land of as yet powerful dollar-capitalism, there echoed the onward march of the millions organized under Communist leadership. If it were still necessary to demonstrate the unavoidable, rapid-tempo breakdown of American capitalism, it was March 6 that led the grave-diggers of capitalism, the American proletarian masses, in hundreds of thousands, into the streets, to declare revolutionary war on the dominant class.

The European bourgeoisie, paling with fear in face of demonstrating masses, have been overcome with panicky terror when faced with these revelations from America. The international proletariat, on the other hand, draws new confidence and gains new strength for its own struggle from the heroic advance of the American working class. Therein lies the enormous international significance of American events.

. . . For the first time in its history our young American fraternal party has succeeded in attracting hundreds of thousands of workers to its banners. American Communists have mobilized over one million workers under the Party's economic and political slogans and forged them into a tremendous revolutionary front. The Communist Party of the United States has thus become the acknowledged leader of the broad masses of the American proletariat.

The mass-party of Communism in the United States has an enrolled membership of fewer than 6000. There were 60,000 members ten years ago, but that was before the party had gained recognition as "the fighting leader of the revolutionary American proletariat."

Now that we know, via Berlin, what happened in New York, the people of Berlin ought to be advised of what happened in Berlin on that memorable March 6. There are two sources of information, both equally as reliable, I should say, as is the *Rote Fahne*. The *Daily Worker*, of Union Square, New York, printed on March 7:

Today's unemployment demon-

strations were held everywhere in Berlin, with violent collisions in many places where the jobless assembled repeatedly in spite of the prohibition of all street gatherings by the 'Socialist' police chief, Zoergiebel. There was furious police-clubbing in all sections . . . At this moment, 5:30, violent collisions are going on . . . Clubbing is ineffective and the workers are fighting back. The police have just fired several volleys. But the workers have reassembled and the demonstrations are continuing . . . (Later) Despite all the force used, the Communists occupied and held Buelow Square, in the face of repeated police charges. . . . Severe fighting continued late into the night in Berlin. . . .

The *Daily Worker* and the *Rote Fahne* are quits, and nothing is lost. Everybody is happy. What a pity that New Yorkers go to watch performances. Cabled reports are infinitely more colorful. Berliners, too, would have been better off had they confined their curiosity to reading accounts from New York of doings *Unter Den Linden*. But what *do* Berliners say of the revolution of March 6 in Berlin? Well, they envy New York. To quote *Gegen den Strom*, a weekly publication of leading German communists, the original founders of the German party, now, however, at odds with the official party:

After the memorable defeats of May 1, of August 1, of February 1, comes the defeat of March 6. Of course even this defeat is being belied into a victory by the official party press . . . With the exception of the partial successes in the United States of America, this latest international 'day of struggle' has met with an even more negligible response than did the earlier calls of the Communist International, 'for a day of great international struggle. . . .'

The friends of the Communist International need not lose heart at the failure of the "great day." Failures are never final in social movements. However, someone *in the part-pub-fin-dep*, if that is the proper designation for the Department for Financing Party Publicity, ought to suggest the observance of the old Russian advice: Bluff, but moderately.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, ETC., OF THE READER'S DIGEST REQUIRED BY ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912

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"Nobody's Child"

Condensed from The Woman's Journal (May, '30)

Eleanor Taylor
Formerly on the staff of the Children's Bureau

NORMAL children have families. The family is a shelter between the child and a big, inexplicable world. With a family, he "belongs," and belonging is something every human feels the need of.

Among illegitimate babies the death rate is far higher than among babies born of marriages. This is because up until recently the pressure has been to separate the unmarried mother and her baby. And it is a strange fact that babies actually die much oftener when separated from their mothers, even when the conditions surrounding them are otherwise good.

Illegitimate children have always existed.

When Robert the Devil looked down from his castle at Falaise and his roving eye fancied a pretty village maiden washing clothes, she became the mother of his illegitimate child — William the Conqueror. Leonardo da Vinci, the wonder man of the Renaissance, was illegitimate. Alexander Hamilton was born out of wedlock . . . the list of great men who were illegitimate is rather long. But these were the bright children of genius. Or they were protected by great fortunes, by the high birth of their parents.

There is another side to the picture — horrible institutions where babies born out of wedlock are taken off the hands of desperate young mothers. George Moore in that great book, "Esther Waters," describes a woman who says of illegitimate children brought to her for care: "I often do think that to neglect them, to let them go off quiet, that I be their best friend; not wilful neglect, yer know, but what is a woman to do with ten or a dozen?"

Is anything now being done to help these mothers and their children?

Fortunately, yes. Here in this country the United States Children's Bureau is publishing reports and working with child welfare groups not only to improve our laws but to improve the methods of all agencies which work with unmarried mothers and their children. Abroad the Child Welfare Committee of the League of Nations has just completed the first survey of the legal position of the illegitimate child.

Our own basic law, the offspring of the English common law, originally regarded the ille-

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gitimate child as nobody's child. However, every state has modified this conception, particularly in the direction of giving the illegitimate child almost the same status *toward the mother* as the legitimate child. The mother also is generally given the right to recover from the father part of the expenses of the confinement and of the child's support, though the amount she can recover is ridiculously small. The sum varies from $1.00 a month in Arkansas to a possible $500 a year in Oregon.

Actually, among 241 unmarried mothers studied by the Children's Bureau, only 86 received any help from the fathers of their children, either through court action or through voluntary assumption of responsibility.

The number of illegitimate births every year in the United States is estimated to be about 60,000. Our rate is approximately 23.3 illegitimate births per 1000 live births. The rate is very high among the colored population — lowest among foreign-born mothers.

One fact stands out clearly — the unmarried mother is usually young. Nearly half our illegitimate births are to girls under 20, and two percent are to girls between ten and fifteen years old.

In point of economic status, the unmarried mothers are mostly young mothers in the less skilled occupations, or in domestic service. More than half the mothers in one group were servants. In many cases — although by no means the majority of cases — these mothers are subnormal mentally.

The Children's Bureau has formulated the ideals toward which every community should work in order to give every unmarried mother and every illegitimate child a chance for a happy, successful life:

(1) Affiliation of maternity homes with children's agencies to provide supervision of children when they are discharged from a maternity home.

(2) Provision for temporary care in boarding homes or institutions for unmarried mothers and their children not readily adjusted in the home of relatives, in their places of employment, or in other families.

(3) Greater willingness on the part of both public and private agencies to aid unmarried mothers in caring for their children.

(4) More intensive attempts by social agencies to establish paternity in order that part, at least, of the support of children of illegitimate births may be obtained from their fathers.

European countries, except The Netherlands, have higher illegitimacy rates than we do, ranging from 209 in Austria to 26 in the Irish Free State.

The first world-picture of the status of the illegitimate child is the report, mentioned above, published by the Child Welfare

Committee of the League of Nations. The report classifies the illegitimacy legislation of 37 countries into two main groups, with respect to the child's legal relation to its parents.

First, there are the countries in which the illegitimate child has no legal connection with its parents through the "mere fact" of birth. In these countries, the child born out of wedlock cannot establish any claim upon his father or mother except through voluntary acknowledgment, or in some cases through the establishment of parenthood by judicial process.

The nations in this group are more or less directly attached to the French system or the "Code Napoléon." They include Belgium, Bulgaria, Ecuador, France, Italy, Japan, Luxemburg, Monaco, The Netherlands, Portugal, Spain, Venezuela.

The second group embraces countries in which, as regards the mother (and frequently also the relatives on the mother's side), the position of the illegitimate child differs very little from that of the legitimate child. The legislation in these countries is more or less directly related to the system of the Germanic Codes. The countries included are: Austria, Danzig, Denmark, Esthonia, Finland, Germany, Great Britain, Greece, Hungary, Latvia, Norway, Salvador, South Africa, Sweden, Switzerland.

Great Britain, which formerly considered the illegitimate child "filius nullius" — nobody's child — now grants the child a status more nearly like that of the legitimate child with respect to his mother, and permits action to establish paternity, the main result of such action being to oblige the father to provide for the child's maintenance.

Norway has the most advanced legislation in the world in this field. In this country action for the establishment of paternity is compulsory. The birth of a child out of wedlock must be reported by the physician or mother. A citation is then issued upon the man named as father. The burden of proof is upon the alleged father, and not — as in other countries — upon the mother to prove her child's claim. Moreover, every man who has had intercourse with the mother during the period of conception is bound to contribute toward the child's support. The responsibility for maintenance is placed upon both parents. Illegitimate children inherit equally with those of legitimate birth.

The mere fact that this survey has been made, encourages us to hope that steps will be taken, in every nation, to abolish "filius nullius" — to give to the child born out of wedlock the inalienable right of every child — the right to a father and a family of his own.

Science Notes

Automatic reading aloud, of especial interest to the blind, promises to be the next gift of German science to the world. Taking the same principle by which the wavy little line at the side of a talkie film is reproduced in sound, Robert Naumberg has produced a machine, known as the "visagraph," which records in sound what it sees on the printed page. The essential feature of the new device is an exceedingly thin band of light, long enough to reach from top to bottom of a line of type. The band is moved along the line of type across the page. When it strikes the black part there is, naturally, no reflection. Where it strikes the white surface of the page, however, it is reflected, and this reflection, by means of light-sensitive electric cells is transformed into current, which in turn produces sound. These sounds will be put through a loud-speaker and made available to a blind listener. — *Journal of Education.*

Maggots, the tiny crawling larvae of blow-flies, may prove to be of great value in preventing and checking wound infections. This new method of treating wounds which is now being investigated was developed from observations made during the war by an American surgeon, Dr. William S. Baer, now of Johns Hopkins University.

Dr. Baer noticed that when the wounded men had been lying out on the ground for some time before being brought to the dressing station, their wounds were covered with tiny maggots, the larvae from which common flies develop. But these men, strangely enough, did not develop infections in their wounds, as did those whose wounds had been dressed and treated very soon after their infliction. The men who had been lying on the ground untreated the longest and who had the most maggots crawling on their wounds were the ones who did not develop any infections.

Further investigation of this unexpected state of affairs disclosed that the maggots were eating the dead tissues, bone and flesh, and thus destroying the material that would have furnished good breeding grounds for bacteria. The bacteria which might have got into the wound and set up an infection were unable to exist in the wound which the maggots had cleaned up. — *Science.*

A recent discovery by a University of Illinois scientist, Dr. A. M. Buswell, may mean much to the inhabitants of small towns, where gas mains have not yet been extended. The meat of Professor Buswell's idea is to mix shredded cornstalks with sewage, from which gas usable for lighting and heating purposes is fermented. A tank eight feet deep and of the same diameter will produce enough gas for a family of four or five. The practical application of the discovery may have a violent effect upon the recent tendency for the long-distance transmission of lighting and heating gas. — *Illinois Municipal Review.*

Wireless has been called in by the Soviet authorities as an aid to pro-

ductivity in agriculture. It has been decided to organize broadcast concerts for peasants working in the fields. A start will be made at Saratoff, where radio experts have been sent into fields with loud-speakers to entertain the peasants at their work. Officials believe that music will stimulate the peasants to work. The "Izvestia" says the entertainments will be carried on during the whole period of the spring sowing. — *Manchester Guardian.*

While speeding along at 60 miles an hour, two-way telephone service to a moving train on the Canadian National Railway between Toronto and Montreal was inaugurated April 27. The service is the first of its kind in the world, and connects passengers aboard the trains to any selected subscriber in Canada, the United States or Europe. The system involves a combination of carrier-current transmission and radio, making use of the telegraph wires strung along the railway route. — *New York Herald Tribune.*

If ultra-violet rays produced by lamps live up to their present promise the time may come when there will be little excuse for quitting the gray January weather of New York for the sun of Florida or California. We shall have short doses of artificial sunlight, taken neat, for a morning tonic, and never notice old Sol's neglect of his duty for the rest of the day.

Already this principle has been applied by a mining company in Kellogg, Idaho. Miners have the opportunity to make up their shortage of sunshine by ultra-violet ray treatments. Three minutes a week exposure to the powerful radiation is felt to be sufficient to maintain good health in mine workers. — *New York Times.*

The public wants electric current when it wants it and not in a smooth, steady stream day and night as the company would prefer. That is why, for instance, New York City has an automatic storm detector at one of its main generating plants. Should a thunderstorm darken the sky, millions of persons will turn on electric lights. Everyone will demand current at once. Therefore the mechanical storm prophet flashes a warning to the power plants of the city, and the results are as exciting as a fire alarm. Klaxons scream above the deafening roar of the turbine rooms. Coal cars leap into swifter action to fill the bunkers that supply the mighty boilers. Under the generalship of operators at the power plant's control board, which is ornamented with switches and flashing lights, fans speed up to force air into the boilers. Soon the steam pressure rises, ready to help the mighty turbines fight the added load of the storm. — *Popular Science.*

The latest wonder of science is the proposed application of radio to the treatment and cure of disease. A way has been found to make the short radio waves that unite continents produce fever in the bodies of animals and men, and fever which can be controlled is the latest weapon man has found against disease.

The apparatus which makes possible this use of the short radio waves

has been developed by the General Electric Company. . . . While heat has long been used in the alleviation of pain and in the treatment of some diseases, recently it has been found that the germs of certain diseases can be killed in the body by high temperatures. It is considered likely that the fever is not just a sign of disease but is a part of the body's defense against the invading germs. So physicians have been trying various means of producing fever to help the body along in its fight against the disease.

So far, and for the immediate future, the new apparatus is intended to be used only in scientific investigations. It will not be sold, but will be loaned to competent research groups for further study. — *Science News-Letter.*

One of the first skyscrapers that will cause traffic officials no concern is the proposed 28-story Sutter Building, in San Francisco. It will be a skyscraper without a parking problem, because the first eight floors are to be used as garages for the tenant's cars. Offices will fill the remaining 20 floors. A tenant arriving by car drives up a ramp, parks on one of the eight floors, steps to an elevator, and is whisked to his office. — *Popular Science Monthly.*

The Hudson River Bridge, now under construction in New York, is the largest engineering work of its kind in the world. It is exactly twice as long of span as its nearest rival, the Delaware River Bridge at Philadelphia. Yet the whole load will be held 200 feet above the river, firmly and safely, on small steel wires less than the thickness of a lead pencil.

Great suspension bridges like this are engineering's contribution to the old adage that there is safety in numbers, for more than 100,000 of these steel wires will contribute, each one its mite, to the support of the bridge. The wires easily would be able, indeed, to hold up nearly four times the total weight, structure and load together, which the bridge will have to bear. — *New York World.*

The cellar ash-can is facing extermination. Ashes can now be removed expeditiously and economically, with a minimum of labor and with no diffusion of dust, by an electric-pneumatic suction system through a pipeline from sidewalk to ash-pit.

The equipment comprises an ash-handling truck containing a large hopper into which the ashes are drawn by suction, and from which they are conveyed by a totally enclosed belt-conveyor to a carrier-truck which takes them away. . . . The first of these new ash-handling trucks has been put in service in New York City by the Pneumatic Conveyors Corporation. — *Scientific American.*

Perhaps one of the greatest forces at work on the earth is that of the various bacteria. In spite of our boasted knowledge of the various forms, we are in fact only beginning to find out what they can do for us. Only recently have bacteria been considered a factor in industrial chemistry. Now they have been found, in many cases, to be a valuable chemical factor. They can frequently accomplish in the confines of a test tube what the chemist could not accom-

(Continued on page 189)

The Death Detail

Condensed from The World Tomorrow (April, '30)

William Pickens

Field Secretary of National Association for Advancement of Colored People

IT is seldom that we get a clear look behind the curtains of military secrecy and see what happened "in time of war." But by a mere accident we are privileged to present, in the words of an eye-witness, the trial and the simultaneous execution of 13 Negro soldiers of the 24th Infantry, at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, December, 1917.

We give this narrative in the words of a northern white boy, a soldier of Company C, 19th Infantry, which guarded the Negro prisoners during the trial and execution. He gives us a clear picture: first, of the patience, regularity, deliberation, fairness and exceeding informality of such a military court; second, of the good sportsmanship and utter humanness of the white guards of the 19th Infantry; and third, of the qualities of the Negro soldier.

It is a story of a cold-blooded military trial and of the dramatic execution, simultaneously by hanging, of 13 men, an account that is all the more valuable because it was not written for publication. It is a simple newsy letter sent by an American soldier to his family in the North. A copy of his letter, with its informal but most effective narrative of actions and emotions, drifted around in the hands of one of his white comrades for 12 years, finally arriving in Havana, Cuba, where it stirred the imagination of a friend of mine, who sent it back to the United States. Here is the letter:

"Fort Sam Houston

"December 20, 1917

". . . The court consisted of three brigadier generals and nine colonels. The judge advocate occupies the same position as our civil prosecuting attorney. The counsel for the defense is a commissioned officer selected by the accused. Major Grier defended the Negroes in a very creditable manner.

"From what I have been told, Major Grier taught military law at West Point for quite a while. I mention this merely to emphasize the fact that the government spared nothing in order that the colored men might get a fair trial. The first thing that occurs to a spectator at a military court is its fairness. The 13 members of the court are men who have received their education in different

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sections of the country; such men are free from this Southern prejudice.

"Now what part of this court is unlike our jury? We might say that each member of the court is a prosecuting attorney and a counsel for the defense, meaning that a member of the court can cross-question a witness or any of the accused in the same manner as the prosecution or defense. I need not explain why this is a benefit to a man who is innocent and a black eye to one who is guilty. All the flowery, spell-binding oratory in the world is just a waste of breath.

"Just a brief word as to my understanding of the riot. A Houston civil policeman for some reason or other attempted to arrest a colored woman. A Negro soldier who was passing by, protested to the policeman not for arresting her but for using what he thought was unnecessary violence, whereupon the officer at once arrested him. A colored military police appeared (Corp. Baltimore) and demanded the release of the soldier. The policeman struck the Military Police, saying, 'Do you want some of this too?' A false report soon reached the Negro camp that Corporal Baltimore had been killed by a Houston policeman. As the latter had attacked other soldiers unfairly at different times, and protests had fallen on deaf ears, the men decided to go to town and take the law into their own hands. They mutinied, made a rush on the ammunition tent, and started off to finish the job they had planned.

"The trial appeared to be one-sided. The defense had hardly an inch to stand on. Strangely enough, every man pleaded not guilty. The trial lasted exactly one month.

"I might mention the spirit of these men while confined and under the strain. What kept them in good cheer from beginning to end was their ability to sing. I honestly believe there was not a poor singer among the entire 64. Everyone in the guardhouse was anxious to hear their songs, and all the guards who were not on duty jammed themselves against the steel bar door which led into the prisoners' room.

"The spiritual welfare of the men was cared for by the Negro Y. M. C. A., and by an old white haired French priest; and every colored church in the vicinity sent its members to the guardhouse to sing and pray. They formed themselves outside the building, some of them with tambourines, others playing violins. What a treat this was to the confined prisoners!

"I'm sending you a photograph of 'Big Frank Johnson.' This man was six feet six inches in height, weight about 260 pounds. He looked not more than 26. This big Negro was one 'bunch of joy,' always. Was his apparent happiness veneered, I asked myself, and forced just to show further contempt? No, I am sure it was due to other reasons. He was good natured as he was big, and his aim was to cheer and amuse his downhearted comrades who were less able to stand the strain.

"Johnson was an interesting story-teller as well as a good singer. When the prisoners asked their big mate to tell them a story, Johnson would cry out, 'All right, everybody keep quiet, and I will tell you all what happened to me night before last, while I was down town.' Then he would spin an

interesting yarn of how he had been to town, and was having champagne suppers, and all the pretty girls falling in love with him. He would tell these stories so convincingly that more than one guard innocently inquired if Johnson had had a leave of absence lately. Johnson's friends claimed he was the champion liar of the world, but everybody encouraged him because he was so amusing.

"One day some colored folks came to sing and preach, and among them was a woman with a baby in her arms. Johnson wasn't much interested in the religious talk, but just as soon as he saw the baby he jumped up with his old time smile, stuck his big arm through the bars and begged the mother to let him hold the child only for a minute. This the woman did, and Johnson felt as though he had been given a privilege that was to be envied by a king. This was the only time I ever saw his eyes wet. He was telling the woman that he had a little baby brother at home.

"About ten days after the close of the trial, the colonel of the 19th Infantry, the judge advocate, and the chaplain appeared in the guardhouse. 'Sergeant,' said the colonel, 'have the men on this list brought up here and cuffed and shackled. Have two men come up at a time and chain them to each other.' As the sergeant started down the steps he winked at us, and whispered, 'The Death Detail.'

"The heavy voice of the sergeant broke the stillness of the prisoners' room: 'As I call the names off, I want you men to gather up all your belongings, including your blanket, then come front and center.' Everybody knew now that the names which were to be called were those of the doomed men.

"The prisoners soon came out with their things. As soon as they saw the handcuffs and shackles, they looked at each other with a sickly smile. They realized that they would have to face a firing squad or, worse still, a scaffold.

"The condemned men were marched to a room in one of the troops of the Sixth Cavalry. In the middle of the room was a little stove around which the men grouped in a circle, sitting on benches. About 11 o'clock that night the chaplain entered the room; his face was white as a sheet. He mentioned nothing relative to their sentence, but merely said he hoped each one had prepared to meet God. After reading from the Bible, and offering a short prayer, he told the men that he would come back later with a couple of colored ministers. Can you imagine how all this sounded to the prisoners who had not yet heard their sentence? During the chaplain's absence, someone suggested singing hymns. As the doomed men sang 'Nearer My God to Thee,' every listener's cheek was wet with tears.

"The chaplain returned the following night with two colored ministers. With a bowed head and in a low voice, he made known to them the verdict of the court-martial: 'You are all to be hanged tomorrow morning at the Slough at 7:17. You will leave here at 6 o'clock sharp. If any of you have any friends or relatives I could find nearby, I will gladly go and get them.' No one had any such friends. The men then asked if the chaplain would not intercede for

them to see if they couldn't be shot instead of being hanged. But the chaplain shook his head, saying he had already made such a request but to no avail.

"The two colored preachers who were excellent singers tried to cheer the men by their songs. The saddest feature of the whole night was when they were singing the hymn 'Too Late.' The prisoners' faces were swollen for they had not slept a wink in four days. Most of them shut their eyes and their bodies were slumped down. As they shifted about on the bench, their chains rattled — a ghastly noise that seemed to fit the gloomy song they were singing.

"The next morning was cheerless and miserable. Five o'clock and pitch dark — no trace of a single star. The air was damp and cold, and a bleak wind which was blowing made the weather feel colder than if the thermometer had been at zero.

"At the stroke of 5:30, the lights of the huge army trucks began to pierce the darkness. Then came the clatter of horses' hoofs on the hard pavement — troops from the Sixth Cavalry who were to form a skirmish line a few hundred yards around the scaffold and to act as an extra guard going out. Every third or fourth rider carried a lantern. 'Fours right! — Halt!' rang the gruff command out of the darkness. As if the movement had been executed by a single horse, a straight line of cavalrymen were facing the barracks where the condemned men were confined.

"The night before the execution instructions were posted as to what each man was to do. I was to play the part of conductor. My duty was to help lead the doomed men up to the scaffold, carry them if necessary, then assist in putting the ropes about their necks.

"The jingle of the chains could now be heard, and the men were soon ready for their last ride. As soon as we started, the four men on my truck began to sing a hymn. After that Johnson, who was among them, made a speech. 'I want to thank you boys of C Company,' he said. 'You fellows didn't beat us, maybe like murderers ought to be treated, but we were treated like we were your brothers. If my thanks are worth anything to you men, I want to give it to you. If any of you ever go to France, I wish you all the luck in the world.' The men then stripped themselves of all their trinkets, and passed them out to the guards for souvenirs.

"Our gloomy procession was moving swiftly on toward the Slough. What a horrible ride it was! The headlight on the leading automobile at last found the scaffold, which had been put up that night. It was now day-break, but the grey, ugly dawn seemed only to give the scene added gloom. A gruesome spectacle it was — like a few acres borrowed from 'Dante's Hell.' Not far from the scaffold in the thick brushwood was a crackling bonfire. The sentries who had been up all night without a relief looked like Satan's favorite imps as they leaned over these little fires holding their fixed bayonets.

"The doomed men were shivering a little, but I think this was due more to the cold rather than fear. The unlucky 13 were lined up, not one making the slightest attempt to resist. The conductors took their places and

the men for the last time heard the command, 'March!'

"Thirteen ropes dangled from the cross-beam of the scaffold, a chair in front of every rope, six on one side, seven on the other. As the ropes were being fastened about the men's necks, big Johnson's voice suddenly broke into a hymn — 'Lord, I'm Comin' Home' — and the others joined him. The eyes of even the hardest of us were wet.

"A Catholic priest, a colored minister, and the Protestant chaplain of the 19th Infantry rose in succession and offered a few words of prayer. When they had finished, a major spoke to the doomed men, 'Just as soon as I give the command "Attention," I want you men to stand up.' 'Yes, sir,' they all smiled. The major raised his arms to horizontal position and in a loud voice shouted 'Attention.' Like the well trained soldiers they were, they sprang to their feet as one man, every one of them wearing a proud smile. 'Good-bye C Company!' they called. The major lowered his hand to his side with a snap: this was the signal for the men to pull the rope to spring the trap. Away the chairs were jerked, down went the trap. . . . The men were executed at 7:17 — the same precision with which everything is carried on in the Army.

"After they were taken down, each body was put into an expensive army casket, and carried about 50 yards from the scaffold where they were given a Christian burial. As I walked around the graves, it seemed impossible that the melodious voices of those men were stilled forever. Only a short while ago I heard them singing on the scaffold. That sad final hymn will always ring in my ears . . . . The whole thing was like a wild nightmare of a mad man. Such was my night at 'Hangman's Grove.'"

Science Notes

(Continued from page 184)

plish economically except in a plant of large production covering several acres. They are responsible for our present lacquer industry, which, among other things, has revolutionized automobile manufacture. — New York *Times*.

To keep tons of deadly poison out of the air of American cities is the hope of Prof. J. C. W. Frazer for his new carbon monoxide trap for automobiles, announced from the chemical laboratories of Johns Hopkins University. Instead of allowing this odorless, tasteless, colorless but superlatively deadly gas to pour out in enormous quantities from the exhausts of automobile engines, the new device converts this poison into its harmless chemical cousin, carbon dioxide, the gas of soda water. Some mechanical details remain to be completed and tested, Prof. Frazier states, before the apparatus will be ready for general use but these details are not expected to be troublesome.

The device works by a variety of the chemical process called catalysis in which a chemical reaction between two or more substances is brought about by mere contact with a third. — *New York World*.

Repartee

Contributions by Readers

A certain well-known Indiana writer tells the following story about the famous Hoosier poet, James Whitcomb Riley. The poet, while on his way down to the office of his publisher one bright morning, had met an unusually large number of acquaintances who consecutively made the usual conventional comment on the "nice weather." This continuous applause began to amuse the poet. When he reached the office and was greeted with a "Nice day, Mr. Riley," he smiled broadly, and replied, "Yes; I've heard it very highly spoken of!"

Contributed by Belle Johnston, Indianapolis, Ind.

When asked his idea of rigid economy, Will Rogers replied: "A dead Scotchman."

Contributed by Margaret C. Mercer, Pittsburgh, Pa.

An artist once visited Madame Schuman-Heink and requested that he be allowed the privilege of painting a portrait of her. After she had made various excuses and had all but refused, he said: "Madame, I'll guarantee to do you justice." With a smile she replied, "Sir, it is not justice, but mercy I would seek at your hand."

Contributed by Oliver J. Brodie, Leesville, S. C.

Jim Reardon, President of the San Francisco Board of Public Works, was one day making an impassioned political speech to a group of working men. Approaching the climax of his appeal, Mr. Reardon waxed eloquent, saying:

"After all, the City Government is just like a tree — we officials are merely the branches, but you people are the roots and the trunk."

"Aye, true," spoke up one son of Erin, "but ye must admit that all the plums grow on the branches."

Contributed by Edward H. Schwerin, Los Angeles, Cal.

A gushing hostess at an evening party rushed up to George Bernard Shaw and asked him what he thought of a new violinist she had discovered and who had played that evening.

"He reminds me of Paderewski," commented G. B. S.

"But Paderewski is not a violinist."

"Just so, just so," came Shaw's reply. — *The Real Shaw*, by M. Colbourne.

Contributed by Alice C. Harrison, Toronto, Canada.

A young woman who wished to engage Calvin Coolidge in conversation, when he was president, told Mr. Coolidge that her father had laid a wager that she couldn't get him to utter three words. She expected that this would start him talking. But he said quietly: "Dad wins!"

Contributed by William J. Hart, Utica, N. Y.

William R. Travers, a prominent banker in New York, was a great wag. On reaching home late one night after a public dinner, he stumbled over a chair in his bed room, awakening his wife, who said:

"Is that you, William?"

To which he replied: "Yes, my dear. Whom were you expecting?"
Contributed by Louis Keane, Fergus Falls, Minn.

Mr. Wilton Lackaye outshone tact itself when he walked into a bath occupied by a lady and calmly bowed himself out with: "I beg your pardon, Sir."
Contributed by Carol H. Hanigan, Los Angeles, Cal.

A well-known Protestant clergyman was recently calling upon his friend, a prominent Catholic official in the city of Chicago. The latter invited the Protestant gentleman to visit his rooms. "What fine quarters you have!" exclaimed the visitor, "finer than mine, I'm sure."

"Well," replied his Catholic friend, "you Protestant clergy may have your better halves, but we have the better quarters."
Contributed by Newton H. Carman, Princeton, Ill.

Abraham Lincoln was resting with his managers in a hotel lobby. As usual the village dudes had congregated there and one, bolder than the rest, remarked: "Mr. Lincoln, your speech was good but there were some points quite beyond my reach."

The simple Lincoln looked up and chuckled, "I'm sorry for you; I once had a dog that had the same trouble with fleas."
Contributed by Edmond Tisdel, Flushing, N. Y.

When Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was leaving a certain hotel he was asked to write something as a souvenir, in the hotel register. "With pleasure," said the Doctor, as he wrote: "I was told to come to this hotel for change and rest. The waiter got the change and the landlord got the rest."
Contributed by Miss M. Wyse, Spawell Road, Wexford, Ireland.

The Lord Bishop F. L. Deane of Aberdeen, Scotland, was the speaker at the Chicago Sunday Evening Club. The presiding officer, believing this to be a fitting occasion for some Scotch jokes he had heard recently, proceeded to tell several at the Lord Bishop's expense. The jokes brought their laughs, and have been forgotten, but not so the Lord Bishop's reply. As he stood to speak he said simply:

"Weel, those jokes are the only things we can get into your country free of duty."
Contributed by Homer D. Mitchell, Bay City, Michigan.

Shortly after his second election as governor of New York Charles E. Hughes was entertaining a prominent lawyer at the executive mansion.

"You have a handsome place," the lawyer remarked, glancing around the official residence.

"Yes," Hughes replied, with the bitter campaign just closed in mind, "but I had a hard time getting the landlord to renew the lease." — *Boston Transcript.*
Contributed by Mrs. Mildred Rosenwald, Hannaford, N. D.

"Tay Pay" O'Connor in America at a banquet in his honor was asked, "How's Ireland?" "Very bad," he replied. "How's that?" "Oh, Ireland's in a de'il of a way. You see (as he mapped out an imaginary map of Ireland on the table cloth) there are the Protestants in the North, the Catholics in the South and they are continually at each other's throats."

A pause, then "I often wish they were all of them haythen so they could live together like Christians." — *Beliefs of 700 Ministers*, by G. H. Betts.
Contributed by Mrs. May Crockett, Camas, Wash.

While on his visit to this country, Marshal Foch was a guest at a dinner party in Denver, when one of the other guests took exception to French politeness. "There is nothing in it but wind," he said with questionable taste. "Neither is there anything but wind in a pneumatic tire," retorted the gallant Marshal, "yet it eases the jolts along life's highway wonderfully." — *The Argonaut.*
Contributed by Edmond Kerlin, Indianapolis, Ind.

Pitt was severely criticised, in 1759, for appointing the young Wolfe to lead the Quebec expedition — the most important of the year.

"Pitt's new general is mad," said ex-Premier Newcastle.

"Mad, is he?" retorted Pitt; "then I hope he will bite some other of my generals." — *History of the United States*, by H. W. Elson.
Contributed by May H. Banister, New York City.

Senator Hoar was once accosted on the street by a fellow Senator who said: "Senator —— is being buried this afternoon. I am on my way now to the funeral. You will attend, of course?"

"No," replied Senator Hoar, "I shall not be present but I want it understood that I approve of the proceedings."
Contributed by Mrs. F. H. Buffum, Northfield, Mass.

After a funeral a Chinese was asked, "Why do you put food on the grave — do you expect the dead man to come back and eat the food?"

The old Chinese looked quite blank for a moment and then his face lighted up and he said, "Why you put flowers on top dead man — you think he come back and smell 'em?"
Contributed by Mrs. Arthur G. Smith, Honolulu, Hawaii.

The boys of one of Dr. Stryker's classes at Hamilton College got a goose and tied it securely in his chair and pushed the chair under his desk, just before his expected arrival. He entered, pulled out his chair and saw the goose occupying it. "I beg your pardon, gentlemen," said he, "I didn't know you were having a class meeting!"
Contributor's name withheld.

They are telling a story on John Barrymore and an extra man who worked in his picture. It seems that the extra man crashed the gate of a party where Barrymore was a guest. After imbibing freely, he approached the star and slapped him on the back.

"How are you, Jack old boy," he cried.

"Don't be so formal," Barrymore is reported to have said. "Just call me kid." — *Los Angeles Evening Herald.*
Contributed by W. A. Nolan, Los Angeles, Cal.

ROBERT HITCHENS (p. 97) is a British novelist and journalist. He was at one time a mathematician but finally abandoned this profession for literature. Since then he has written many novels, among them "The God Within Him," and "Dr. Adis." He is also the author of several successful plays. His hobbies are riding, tennis, driving and golf.

MRS. EMILY NEWELL BLAIR (p. 100) is a writer and lecturer who makes her home in Joplin, Missouri. She has also had a distinguished career in politics, holding office with the Democratic National Committee at Washington.

HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON (p. 103) has traveled extensively in Europe as a student of world affairs with the State Department's knowledge and consent. He is also an authority on the Far East, is a member of the American Geographical Society, American Academy of Political and Social Science, and so on.

REVEREND REINHOLD NIEBUHR (p. 104), a clergyman of wide experience, is now a professor in the Union Theological Seminary.

DONALD ROSE (p. 107) is at present connected with the Editorial Staff of the "Philadelphia Public Ledger." He finds time, however, to cultivate a wide variety of other literary interests, among them the writing of humorous verse and essays.

WILLIAM BOLITHO (p. 115) is a South African journalist who is an authority on crime. He has written a brilliant volume of essays, "Leviathan," and is also the author of "Murder for Profit" and "Twelve Against the Gods." Incidentally, his name is accented on the second syllable (which is pronounced as in "lie") and the "th" is soft.

EDGAR WALLACE (p. 129) says of himself, "When I can't spin tales any more, then I'll stop living." He is an English author who has written more books than any man now alive, and has had as many as six successful plays running in London simultaneously. At nine he was an orphan; at ten or twelve, a newsboy, office boy, cabin boy. Later, he became a sailor on a steam trawler, an enlisted man in a Kentish regiment, a correspondent during the Boer war, and a novelist. He was 40 before his first book, "The Four Just Men," was published.

E. E. FREE (p. 134) is a distinguished scientist whose views are so influential that another author recently remarked in an article, "Dr. Free tells America what it is to believe about science."

WARREN S. THOMPSON (p. 139) is director of the Scripps Foundation for Research in Population Problems. His latest book is "Danger Spots in World Population."

PASCAL KIDDER WHEELTON was for four years professor of farm management at the Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College. He also is now with the Scripps Foundation.

E. R. MURREY (p. 146) is managing editor of "The Nation."

WILLIAM BURNLEE CURRY (p. 148), head master of the Oak Lane Country Day School, has worked with notable success in developing an intelligent interest in international affairs among his pupils.

ROBERT BENCHLEY (p. 151), dramatic critic and writer of humorous prose, graduated from Harvard in 1912. He then ventured into the advertising department of the Curtis Publishing Company, did personnel work in Boston, was an editor of the New York "Tribune," and during the war served as secretary to the Aircraft Board in Washington. In 1919 he became managing editor of "Vanity Fair" leaving a year later to join the staff of "Life." His books are "Of All Things," "Love Conquers All," "Pluck and Luck," "The Early Worm," and "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea, or David Copperfield."

SIR PHILIP GIBBS (p. 155), English author and journalist, has been a war correspondent successively with the Bulgarian, French, Belgian, and British armies. He has written many novels, historical works, and essays, among them: "Age of Reason," "Darkened Rooms," "The Day After Tomorrow," etc.

WAYNE GARD (p. 157) has served as a correspondent of the Associated Press in British India, and at present edits "The Tamaqua," a magazine published by the English department of Northwestern University.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS (p. 160) holds the Lampson Chair of English Literature at Yale University. He is perhaps the best-known literary critic in America. It is said of him that he can make a best-seller over-night by commending a book.

HOWARD McLELLAN (p. 162) is a detective and newspaper man. He has investigated bank robberies in the Northwest for the American Bankers' Association, and, during the war, was a counter-espionage agent in France. He is now with the New York "Evening World."

MRS. MARGARET CULKIN BANNING (p. 165) is a well-known novelist who lives in Duluth. Her latest novel is "Money of Her Own."

BERTRAND RUSSELL (p. 170) is a philosophical scientist who has written on many subjects from the "Foundation of Geometry" to the "ABC of Atoms." He is also familiar to the great lecture-going public.

WILLIAM PICKENS (p. 180) is field secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

A CORRECTION: In our May issue, we erroneously attributed to Robert Lynd, the well-known American author of "Middletown," the article "Objections to Laughter." The article was actually the work of Robert Lynd, the British essayist and critic.

A GIFT, A TRIBUTE and an OPPORTUNITY

THE GIFT

Editors, The Reader's Digest:

I note with great interest that The Reader's Digest, which I enjoy very much, is issued in Braille. I would like to send a subscription to some worthy blind person who otherwise would not be able to read it. Will you help me to find such a person? I am enclosing my check for $20.00 to cover a year's subscription which I would be glad to have you use for the above purpose.

H. B.
Brooklyn, New York

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LUCILLE [illegible]
Head of the Library for the Blind
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YOUR OPPORTUNITY

Perhaps only those like Miss Goldth[illegible] who daily serve the tragic needs of the blind can [illegible] understand how much pleasure the letter quoted at [illegible] bring to some fellow being.

Think of the constant inspiration we [illegible] from daily reading. Think how blank our [illegible] would be without it. Then remember that to the [illegible] blind there are available in Braille barely [illegible] of general interest — and that these [illegible] volumes must be borrowed from [illegible].

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SECOND, FOLLOW THE ADMIRABLE INITIATIVE OF "H. B." IN Brooklyn, and remit $20 for a yearly subscription to go to any person you [illegible], or to a name furnished by some other reader. In the latter case, you will be [illegible] as to the recipient.

Names of contributors will be printed in the August issue (unless anonymity is desired).